MARCH 24 — 30, 1979

Rs. 1.50

Eve's Weekly

COMPLIMENTARY COPY

CONSUMER WEEK

FOCUS ON URBAN PROBLEMS

HILDREN
RITE:
ne Winners
f Our
ssay Contest
or Children

NNOUNCING
NEW
ICKY COUPON"
CHEME

Now a baby milk food that is easier to digest

Fortified with 8 Vitamins including Vitamin E

Angel is a vitamin-rich, balanced milk food, homogenized for increased digestibility

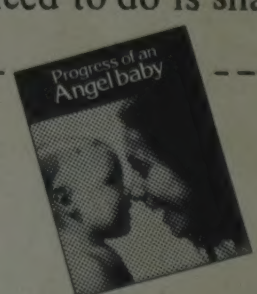
Now give your baby the nourishing protection of new, easy to digest Angel.

Angel is a homogenized baby milk formula which forms a softer, more fragile curd in your baby's stomach. This is because the fat globules in Angel have been broken up and made *more* digestible.

Besides being easy to digest, Angel is fortified with 8 vitamins and iron, all essential for your baby's growth and development. In fact it is the only baby formula with Vitamin E to give better protection to your baby's tender skin.

Angel is also easy to mix. The formula can be prepared in the feeding bottle itself – all you need to do is shake the mixture.

Write in for our FREE booklet on infant growth and development. "PROGRESS OF AN ANGEL BABY"



Please send postal stamps worth Rs. 1/- to cover postage and handling charges.

Send your name and address to : Consumer Services Division, Foremost Dairies Ltd, 72 : Janpath, New Delhi-110 001.

A product of Foremost Dairies Limited, Bombay

Angel baby milk food

Now that you're a young girl you need the protection only CAREFREE* can give

CAREFREE is made with you in mind. It is the modern woman's answer to sanitary protection on those 5 days.

CAREFREE is a specially absorbent napkin that does away with the extra bulk you might otherwise have to wear. In fact, CAREFREE is so absorbent, a single napkin can retain up to half your total period's flow. But do change as often as you like for a fresher feeling.

And only CAREFREE has a plastic shield around the bottom and sides, to act as a three-way barrier against staining.

With CAREFREE you feel so comfortable, you forget what day of the month it is. No soak-through, no troublesome washing and drying.

CAREFREE is ready to use, so easy to change, so simple to dispose of. So hygienic.

Wear CAREFREE and be confident at all times.

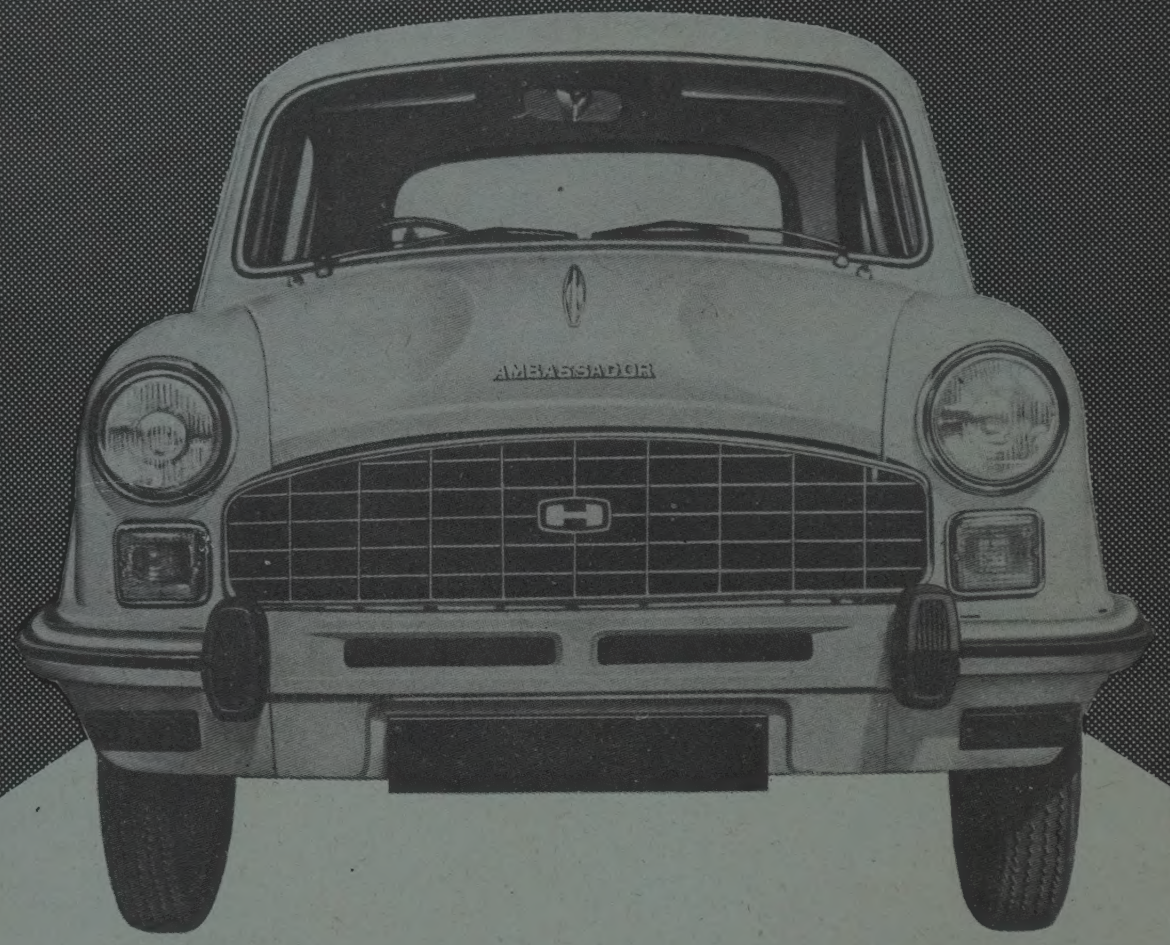
Available in packs of 10 and 20 napkins.

* Brand of Sanitary Napkins. CAREFREE and JOHNSON & JOHNSON are trademarks of Johnson & Johnson U.S.A. © J & J 78

Johnson & Johnson

AMBASSADOR

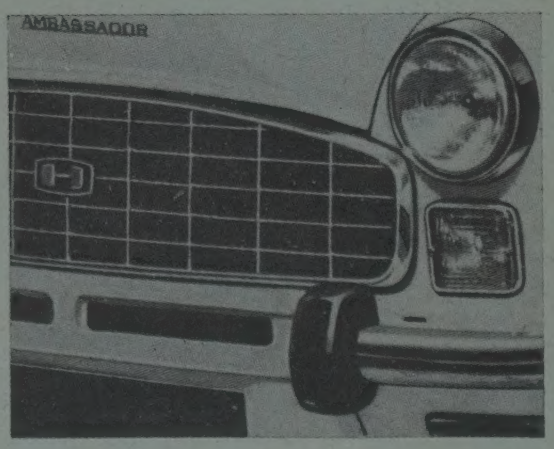
Mark 4



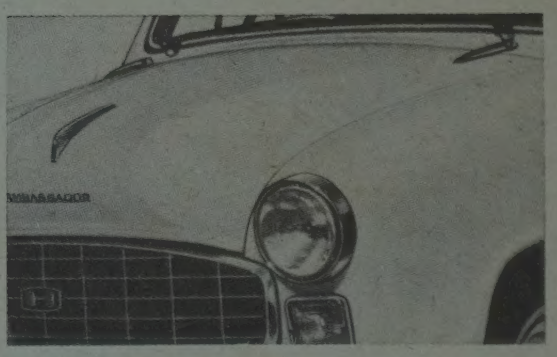
An excellent match of elegance and ease

Take a look. At the new Mark 4. The latest Indian car in town. Sleek. Elegant. Distinctive. Unmatched, to match your changing lifestyle. On the road, Mark 4 offers a new world of comfort and convenience. There's a lot of legroom, headroom, and elbow room. And the quick-response steering makes driving more smooth, easy, and free from fatigue.

All of which, and more, easily make Mark 4 your first choice car in India.



A car that keeps you in the forefront. With a modern, smartly styled grille and sparkling 'H' symbol of excellence, displayed to maximum advantage; square parking lights; amber flashers; and front bumper, protected by rubber insets and overriders.



A car that's worth a second glance. With new elegantly designed bonnet ornament and fashionably contoured front fenders.

A car in tune with the times. With contoured combination tail lights, rubber-reinforced rear bumper and rubber overriders.

Come to any HM dealer showroom.
And meet the Mark 4. Today.

Mark 4

The mark of excellence

HM HINDUSTAN MOTORS LIMITED
CALCUTTA

CC/HM-1/79

ASHU LOBO

Born August 15, 1957, in Mangalore. Studied at St. Agnes Girls School, Mangalore. Has a B.A. in Psychology, Economics and English. A first class student throughout her academic caree. At present working as a fashion designer for an export house in Bombay. Likes music and reading, enjoys cooking, cycling, swimming, is interested in art, meeting people and visiting places. Wishes to do a bit of modelling.

Photograph : Farokh Reporter

VOL. XXXIII NO. 12 BOMBAY

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THIS WEEK

POSITIVE CONSUMER ACTION

What type of consumer are you? Do you achieve results? During the course of the annual Consumer Action Week it would be good to think in terms of the type of action that will bring results that will make life easier and better for all consumers.

Page 10.

THE STATE OF OUR MARKETS

The photographs may revolt you but they merely reflect the actual conditions in our public markets, which are appalling. It is time concrete efforts were made to clean up the mess.

Page 12.

MUST WE DRINK POISON?

The facts are ugly. But they remain. Bombay's water is unfit for human consumption. The deplorable state of the water supply is a violation of our right to life.

Page 19.

CHILDREN WRITE

Our essay contest for children brought in a flood of response, much of it good and all of it sweet and thoughtful. We publish the winning entries along with a few of the others.

Page 40.

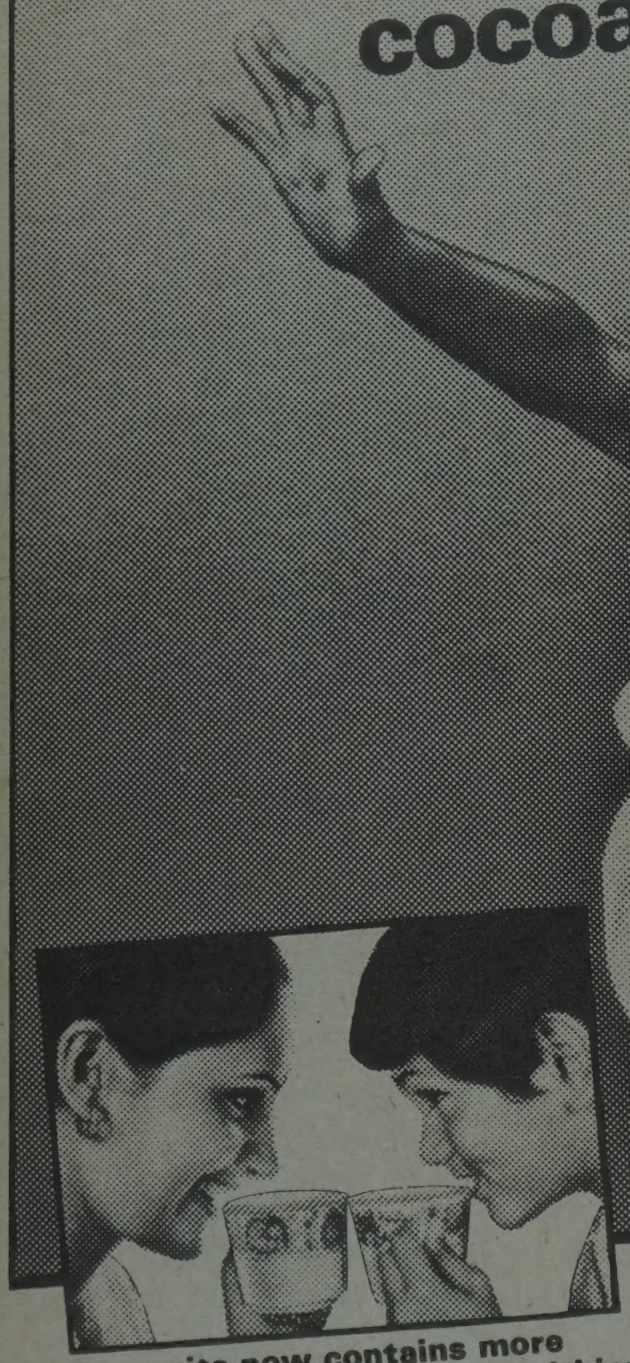
ALSO

Step by Step Cookery: Walnut Biscuit Delights — **Page 15** Film Article: Jaya Bachchan, the heroine who shattered convention — **Page 25** Banking with women — **Page 30** Profile: Sharan Rani, emersed in music — **Page 17.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/**7**, Readers' Voice/**9**, Comics/**21**, Short Story/**22**, Young Viewpoint/**27**, Fashion/**28**, Cookery/**33**, Answers to Quiz 19/**38**, Beauty Bulletin/**45**, Women in Sport/**48**, Frankly Speaking/**51**, People & Events/**52**, Horoscope/**54**, Quiz 21/**54**.

Give your child extra energy to stay ahead with cocoa-delicious Bournvita

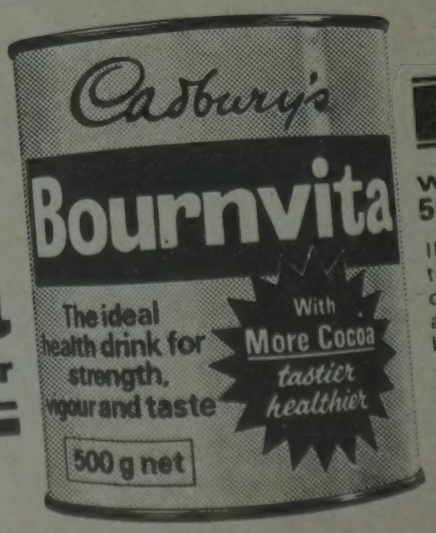


Bournvita now contains more cocoa to make it tastier, healthier.
In addition, Bournvita is packed with all the nourishing goodness of malt, milk and sugar.

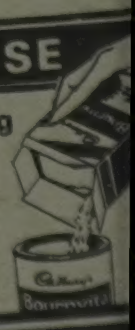
Two teaspoonfuls in a hot cup of milk, make a delicious, energy-giving drink.

Give your children Bournvita every day, twice a day. It helps provide them with the extra energy they need for their growing bodies. And you need it too...to keep up with them!

Cadbury's
Bournvita
with more cocoa: tastier, healthier



SAVE 75 PAISE
with the money-saving 500 g refill pack.
IMPORTANT: On opening this pack please empty its contents immediately into a regular Bournvita tin to keep it factory-fresh.



OBM/8376

YOUR PAGE

Do you have something to say?
Then say it here. We pay Rs. 25, 15 and 10 for the three best letters.

1st PRIZE

THE DILEMMA

Your feature "Lively, Confident Office-girl Mamas" very aptly brought out the dilemma of the working woman when she becomes a mother. I was a working woman until a few years ago and had to give it up when I attained motherhood, as I, too, felt that children need a mother constantly when they are young. But as an individual I often feel frustrated with a sense of intellectual stagnation, after 18 years of education and a few years of experience on an intellectual plane. I do feel that part-time activities cannot compensate the holding, and taking up the challenge, of a responsible job.

Therefore, apart from opening day-care centres and creches both by the employers and women's organisations, the working woman should be granted leave like maternity leave, study leave (maybe without pay) say for a period of three to five years, after which she may go back to work when her children start schooling. This could take care of related problems like not getting a good job later, the age bar, etc.

The gains of a working mother are not only monetary but extend much beyond that. Apart from the woman's own mental satisfaction, the children gain immensely. I have been a daughter of a working mother, and she has not only been taking care of our physical needs but has been a companion, friend, guide and adviser. She was aware of the world around her and brought us up in a more liberal and broadminded manner leading us to be confident, independent and secure individuals

VIJAYAMURTHY, Bombay.

Almost every daughter of a working woman will say the same. There is a pride and a happiness in belonging to the family of a career woman which others do not understand. It is a pity that you have allowed yourself the "luxury" of staying at home when all your instincts are urging you to get out.

2nd PRIZE

ALSO TO BLAME...

The virginity test conducted on Asian women seeking entry into Britain to marry their fiances there, which came to light recently, stirred up a regular hornet's nest causing reverberations in both the Houses of Parliament in Britain. The news made headlines everywhere. It was a shame-faced Britain which revoked the practice. The strangest thing is how did such an abominable and humiliating practice pass muster so long, without causing a furore earlier? This is not all. Asian immigrant children entering the country are subject to x-ray tests to study their bones in a bid to verify their declared ages. If this is not Apartheid at its worst, what is? Can mere colour of the skin make a person less a human being than the other? It would seem so. A country, for various reasons, has every right to restrict the in-flow of immigrants. Let laws be enacted and enforced strictly, but the modus operandi employed should not militate against the dignity and honour of a human being, which in the ultimate analysis will bring credit to none.

We are also partly to be blamed for such a state of affairs, for the lure that foreign countries hold for the Asians is something unimaginable and unaccountable. Hordes and hordes of young Keralite girls seek their fortunes in Middle East countries, only to be treated as slaves and chattel in Arabian households. This has no whit deterred future aspirants from hitting the unholy trail.

Bestowing a little thought on preserving the individual's respect and dignity, be he black or white, will go a long way in upholding the honour and prestige of one's own country as well as that of other nations.

E. DHAMAYANTHY DEVASUNDARAM, Madras.

The lure of a land of milk and honey, of the pot o' gold, has always been there — America is a prime example, a country which has embraced millions of ambitious immigrants. That is no reason for the host country to insult and humiliate and torment, as Britain has done.

3rd PRIZE

THE FANCY LITTLE WORLD

It is the Year of the Child and the naked, pot-bellied little one stares from the pages of every magazine. Shift your spotlight and you will see the other child. This one is chubby, well-dressed and bright. Even if you choose not to see the first kid, you can't miss the other. He is in your friend's place, in the neighbourhood and, of course, in your own home. His is a fancy little world, filled with Archie Comics, Stickers, Gavaskar and Gabbar Singh. Ask him anything from statellite communications to Jim Jones, his replies will be ready. But show him a picture of his sad-eyed contemporary and he will ask if it is a picture for a photo contest. It isn't his fault that the other kid, or his kind of living, is unfamiliar to him. Schools teach him only the History and Geography of india. At home, parents are so busy teaching table manners that it never occurs to them to tell the child that what is on their table isn't what most others in the country get to eat.

Twenty years hence the two kids will make the country. Isn't history full of examples of what such disparity and such ignorance of the classes can lead to? I, for one, feel that as individuals there is little we can do for the child of poverty. But it is the job of each one of us to see that the other child is groomed to lead the nation well. It is for us to make him know about the country, its people, their problems. It is for us to make him realise what it means to be poor. It is for us to cultivate in him the habit of doing something for the have nots. Let us not aim just at making our children successful adults, but at making them good citizens. Let us prepare them to be Indians, not ready for export.

KAMALA BALACHANDRA, Bangalore.

Little Richie Rich hasn't a clue as to what Oliver looks like or feels about things — a dangerous state of affairs, no doubt. All the more reason for our education system to change and gear up to urgent requirements.

TIME TO SPARE

There is a great hue and cry about 1979 being the International Year of the Child. I have read about many things that the Government and various Institutions are planning to do. I am sure that everyone will agree child welfare is a laudable objective. But in my opinion the best thing that one can do for children — especially one's own children — is to spend some extra time say, about an hour each day in their company.

Most women, working mothers or housewives do not have enough time to spare for their children, who have to depend on the ayahs and servants when the mother goes out to work. In the evenings the parents come home tired and tell the children to play on their own and not harass them. I am afraid, I myself am no exception. Being a school-teacher and also a housewife, I hardly have the energy to play with my little son. But in this Year of the Child, at least, I have made a resolution that come what may I will devote an hour each day to do exactly as my son wants me to. I hope other women will join me in this campaign.

J. B. CHINOY, Bombay.

What campaign? Surely, you are not trying to say that only in '79 will you spend an extra hour with your son? What after that? Will you forget all about him once the Year of the Child is over? Do remember, it is the quality of your time that will ever matter — not the quantity.

Today it's mother taking care of tender feet. Soon it'll be Bata.

The little one has just arrived and mother is busy knitting booties for its baby feet.

She is no shoemaker, her handiwork may not be the perfect fit.

But into the rows of stitches are woven indelible patterns of her love.

And caring.

For some time after the baby is born, protecting its tender feet will be mother's care.

After that, she'll place the responsibility on us.

To provide the best shoes for her baby.

Shoes that will understand baby feet.

Now isn't that a warm tribute to our sense of caring for children's feet ?

In this International Year of the Child, Bata welcomes all those little ones who will see 1979 for the first time.

Bata

a good deal more than good shoes

Bata/CAS-PR-1/79

READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

OUR NEGLECTED CHILDREN

The article by Thomas Mathai on "Children — a neglected national asset" (Feb. 24) was frank and hard-hitting. July 20 last year was a sad day in the annals of child welfare, when the Child Adoption Bill was rejected in Parliament. It is a matter of regret that those Parliamentarians up in Delhi did not realize that by rejecting the bill, they reject the cause of thousands of destitute and abandoned children, who languish in cold and impersonal orphanages. One hopes that the International Year of the Child will do more than lip-service to the cause of the unfortunate innocents.

MADHURI KABRA, Kurnool.

VIRGINITY TEST

I was surprised to read the letters from your readers in your issue dated March 3, expressing their shock, indignation, protest etc. at the virginity test conducted by the British immigration authorities on immigrant Indian women. I ask: what are these indignant women and thousands of others like them who have not expressed their protest in writing doing about the test? Can they not show their indignation and protest by boycotting the products of British multinationals operating in India? Will our indignant women boycott the cosmetics, toilet soaps, biscuits etc, marketed in India by these multinationals, though they are manufactured in India? I am sure that the home offices of these multinationals have much more influence in the U.K. than our High Commission and they can see that the shameful virginity test conducted on Indian women are stopped overnight. I am afraid the writers of these letters pay only lip sympathy to their sisters and are not ready to go any further — or are they?

T. S. SRINIVASAN, Bangalore.

MUMMY IS PAPA TOO

Mummy is Papa too" (March 3) was really an interesting article. Yes, there are more of us in this world. The views of Sheila seem to concide with mine — she is absolutely correct when she says that there is a whole area of her husband's life which she doesn't know about. And the kind of life Sheila or Rohini have may lead to divorce or frustration which in turn could lead to even suicide.

Why can't the husbands spare a few hours for their wives and kids? Or is it that they think they'll look less dignified sitting and chatting with their wives or playing and spending time with their kids? Alas! They don't know what they are missing. By the time they realize it, the kids are no longer kids, they have their own friends and interests, and the wife no longer craves for his attention or companionship. But as Yasmin pointed out, when the roles are reversed, you should see the utter chaos in the house. With all this hue and cry about women's liberation, in India it is still a man's world.

REMA ARAVINDAKSHAN, New Delhi.

DEFENCE WIVES

In the article "Mummy is Papa Too" (March 3) you have completely overlooked the wives of the Defence Service officers — Army, Air Force and Navy. What is the reason for this? Are these wives not as qualified or more so to act as Papa when he is away? Perhaps they do it with good grace and without hitting the bottle or going to the psychiatrist like some of the women mentioned in the article.

It would have nice if you had covered a cross-section of society.

ELIZABETH CHERIAN, Bombay.

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF MARCH 31.

MOTHERS-IN-LAW

The traditional concept of mothers-in-law is such that it practically guarantees a bad start to a daughter-in-law mother-in-law relationship. Isn't it time we got away from such stereotyped ideas about a relationship between two women which could otherwise be so rich?

THE MOTHER PERSON

Of all the millions of women who have babies, it's astonishing how few are really prepared for the upheaval that a new member of the family causes. A recent book, "The Mother Person", pays attention to the mother as a a human being. Excerpts.

CHILD ARTISTS

The winning entries of our children's drawing contest — in a special colour feature.

ALSO

Beginning the serialisation of a new Mills & Boon novel.

consumer, any complaints?

Pushpa T. Motwani

If you've been cheated on a purchase do you just keep quiet? Or do you raise hell to make the shopkeeper squirm? In either case you are failing in your duty to society. Good consumerism requires more than a lone shout

THE C.G.S.I. MAILBAG: The postman daily brings to our office an assortment of letters of complaints. They come from as far north as Agra and Lucknow and from as far south as Madras and Pondicherry. We handle a wide variety of complaints for items ranging from a cake of toilet soap worth a couple of rupees to air-conditioners, refrigerators and motorcars, costing thousands of rupees. No complaint is too small for us to take up as long as it is genuine. If a consumer has taken the trouble to write to us about his or her problem regarding a particular item or service, we at the C.G.S.I. feel that it is our duty to help redress the complaint to the best of our ability.

The Consumer Guidance Society of India has called upon all consumers to observe March 24-31st as Consumer Action Week with special emphasis on Municipal Services. This is the time for consumers to demand a fair return for the municipal taxes they pay in the form of more efficient services, clean streets and markets, proper removal of garbage and an unpolluted and germ-free water supply. It is a crying shame that these basic needs are not yet met.

CONSUMER ACTION: Recently our mailbag contained a letter complaint from a resident of

Madras. He had stapled with the letter a Re. 1 ticket issued to him at the Trivandrum Airport.

Mr. Desikachari's complaint was genuine. In his letter he wrote and explained that the contractor at Trivandrum airport was charging a fee of Re. 1 to all vehicles entering the airport. This, he pointed out, was unusual. Generally a parking fee is charged at airports but a fee for a car entering an airport merely to drop off a passenger, is unheard of. Alert and vigilant consumers like Mr. Desikachari are to be lauded — he had taken the trouble to write to us. He had preserved the Re. 1 ticket which was sent to us along with his letter of complaint. He had brought to our notice this unusual and unheard of fee being levied at the airport. We took up the complaint immediately. The matter was brought to the notice of the Aerodrome Officer, Civil Aviation Department, Trivandrum, asking him to make investigations. Within a week's time we received a letter from the officer. The contractor had been asked to withdraw all the Re. 1 tickets with 'Entry Pass' printed on them and to issue new tickets with 'Parking Fee' printed on them. Henceforth, the charges would be collected only from vehicles which were parked at the airport. We, however, feel that a stronger action should have been taken against the contractor for duping the public all this time.

Mr. Desikachari is a fine example of an active consumerist. Out of the hundreds of motorists who were wrongly made to pay an entry fee of Rs. 1, only **one** of them felt strongly enough to take the trouble to make a complaint and to seek redress. ACTION is the foremost duty of the consumer if he wishes to protect his rights.

CONSUMER TYPES: The average consumer in India is rather passive and inactive in comparison to the consumers in the developed countries. He stoically accepts poor services and substandard goods. The idea of protesting or making a noise is new to him. It is only in the last decade or so that a section of the urban population in India has become conscious of its rights as consumers.

1. THE SAINT & MARTYR: This type is the greatest enemy of consumerism. He will bear up patiently with poor services and shoddy goods. He will laugh good-naturedly if you point out to him that he should complain about his shirt which has shrunk so badly. He will tell you that he doesn't believe in grumbling and making unpleasant scenes. After all, as Mr. Laxman who was the proud wearer of a shrunken shirt said, "Why should I lose my temper and raise my blood-pressure for the sake of one shirt?"

2. **The Grumbler:** This is the type you come across everywhere — at the bus-stop, on the train, in the office or at a party. He will spend hours grumbling about an article he has purchased or his defective gadget. He will rave and rant against the unscrupulous trader and the careless manufacturer. But the minute he is asked to make a written complaint or to approach the

shopkeeper or the manufacturer, he will give you a horrified look.

Mrs. Dina was such a type. I was introduced to her at a party. The moment she came to know that I handled complaints for the Consumer Guidance Society of India she clung on to me. For the next 40 minutes she monopolized my attention totally. She told me in great detail all the problems she was having with her new refrigerator. After listening to her patiently, I advised her to send me a written complaint giving all the particulars regarding the fridge. She looked at me disbelievingly. "But I just told you everything — I am very busy. I really have no time to write out all the details and send them to you!" was her reply.

3. THE HELL-RAISER: This type of consumer flies off the handle when he discovers that the article he has purchased is defective or that he has paid more than he should have. Instead of first politely drawing the attention of the shopkeeper and seeking redress, he straightaway launches on a verbal attack accusing him of

being a cheat, a scoundrel, a rascal and using all the colourful words in his vocabulary. This is the surest way to antagonize the shopkeeper — he will not cooperate with the customer even if the latter's complaint is genuine. His ego has been badly bruised and he refuses to attend to the angry client. Nothing is gained by such an aggressive and abrasive attitude. One such customer who had already antagonized the shopkeeper, then resorted to writing threatening letters to the manufacturer. He threatened legal action, swore that he would report to the police. When he got no response, he came to us with his tale of woe. Such a consumer makes our task more difficult and we find him more of a hindrance than a help.

WORDS OF ADVICE: The Responsible Consumer must play his role well. He must be active and alert and at the same time discreet and diplomatic in handling a situation. Before making a complaint, be sure that you have a genuine reason for complaint.

Approach the retailer and draw his attention to your problem. If he can handle it for you, well and good. If he cannot, then write to the manufacturer with full particulars, quoting number and date of cash-memo and lucidly explain the complaint. A cash-memo or purchase voucher is your best insurance against a defective article or goods. Some people think themselves to be smart and forgo a cash-memo in order to escape the sales-tax. But in the long run they are the losers. There is no proof or evidence of the purchase whatsoever.

In case of the complaint not being handled well, please write to us at the Consumer Guidance Society of India, Hutment J, Mahapalika Marg, Bombay 400-001. Please enclose Rs. 2 in postal stamps and send us a copy of your complaint. We will swing into action and hopefully help you out of your difficulty.

In the last twelve years the C.G.S.I. has handled thousands of complaints and been successful in redressing more than 70 per cent of them. Foodgrains, drugs, soaps, footwear, textiles, scooters, refrigerators, cars, gas, electricity, etc. You name it — we've handled it. Our conclusion is NO ACTION — NO REDRESS.

(The writer is Jt. Secretary — Consumer Guidance Society of India).

ANOTHER GRAND CONTEST

Eve's Weekly / Childcare

LUCKY DRAW COMPETITION

PRIZES WORTH RS. 7,500 TO BE WON!

PLUS

CHILDREN'S FASHION SHOW

Here's your chance to win fabulous prizes from Childcare of Delhi — manufacturers of children's garments, nursery furniture and utility items for children (from newborn up to age 10). Watch out for our colour features in April, August and October, 1979. All you have to do is to clip and keep the coupon published along with each of the three features. The three coupons should be sent to us, **in one lot only**, after the publication of the third feature in October.

Attractive prizes in the form of readymade children's garments, furniture and other utility items and/or cash will be awarded to the winners. The amounts of the prizes are: 1st prize Rs. 4,000; 2nd prize Rs. 2,000; 3rd prize Rs. 1,000; PLUS five consolation prizes of Rs. 100 each.

A lucky draw will be held by **Eve's Weekly** and **Childcare** in the second week of November, followed by a grand Children's Fashion Show in Bombay, in association with the Oberoi-Sheraton Hotel, on December 7, 1979 at which the winners will be invited and prizes distributed.

Coupons should be sent **in one lot** to
The Editor
Eve's Weekly Ltd.,
Peraj Building, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay-400 023.

Mark your envelopes: Eve's Weekly/Childcare Competition.

DO NOT SEND INDIVIDUAL COUPONS

The decision of the Management, Eve's Weekly Ltd., will be final.

Watch out for our first colour feature to be published in Eve's Weekly, dated April 21.

MARKETING DIRT AND DISEASE

the unhealthy condition of markets

Swarn Kohli

Food is a basic necessity of life. It provides energy, builds the body, ensures good health and builds resistance against diseases. But the unsatisfactory conditions and environment in which our food is generally sold in our markets can actually negate these vital qualities, and contaminated food, instead of being a health giver, mav be a health hazard.

Let us take a look around the markets and bazars. Bombay, for instance, has about 98 municipal markets, 43 private ones and innumerable bazars on pavements, under bridges, in hutment colonies, etc. A few are reasonably clean and sell good quality fruits and vegetables, but invariably the picture is distressing.

It is not uncommon to witness in a market environment garbage heaps, vegetable peels, rotten fruit, dirty water, paan spittle. It is not infrequent that one finds oneself shopping with leprosy patients or beggars (dogs and goats, too). In the monsoon, the environment is worse, as most of the markets are not sheltered or are only semi-covered; shoppers' paths are cluttered up with baskets, packing cases, and strewn with garbage. The rain makes the paths slippery, filthy and unhygienic.

One must continuously be on one's guard against paan chewers and some people living around markets who throw garbage off windows. Unbelievably, there have been occasions when rags with which infants have been cleaned are flung out of windows only to land on passersby or even on open foodware for sale in the street below.

A shopkeeper simply leaves around decaying or rotten vegetables, fruits and peels instead of destroying them. He is not bothered that these in turn are picked up for resale. For example, during the monsoon, considerable quantities of tomatoes and other perishable vegetables and fruits arrive in Bombay in a more or less decomposed condition. Such throwaways by wholesalers are collected, graded and sold by some dealers, small stall owners and footpath vendors. Many unsuspecting consumers buy such items for reasons of economy or sheer necessity. Besides, such foodstuffs are often sold from pavements which have never been cleaned. Fish is dried on dirty pavements and chicken slaughtered amidst filth.

Such unwholesome food and improper handling are the sources of many diseases such as gastro-enteritis, dysentery, infective diarrhoea, typhoid and jaundice, besides various worms and skin infections.

The common causes of these diseases.

— unhygienic conditions in markets

— unclean ways of handling foodstuff

— unhygienic manner of storage and preservation

— contamination by flies and cockroaches

— inadequate inspection and testing.

There are still other unhygienic factors such as dirty baskets to carry mutton and fish, urinating and de-

fecating not far from places where eatables are sold; dirty personal habits (spitting, nose-blowing, followed by using the same hand to sell foodstuffs); animals slaughtered without pre-inspection, dirty water used for washing foodstuffs. . . the list is endless.

Lack Of Infrastructure

While it is somewhat difficult for the authorities to provide and control a basic hygienic infrastructure in unauthorised markets, the conditions even of the regular municipal and private markets are dismal. Basic utilities are inadequate: some have no running water at all, others get it only for about an hour daily thus necessitating storage. Lavatory facilities are also quite inadequate. Authorities of the Mahatma Phule Market admit that the facilities there are inadequate.

As early as 1976, the Consumer Guidance Society of India (CGSI) and the Rotary Club of Bombay Mid-town had jointly installed a free weight-checking facility for shoppers at the Phule Market. The inspectors corroborated that this free weighing facility was useful and served as a deterrent. Complaints about short-weighing have reduced considerably — particularly in the fruit and vegetable sections. The CGSI has also provided a similar facility at the Grant Road Market. But these are not enough; one still finds very often that vendors use a brinjal or a piece of ginger instead of weights. Every large market in the city must have a free weighing facility. Another universal facility should be cold storage, particularly for fish, an easily perishable item.

Photographs : B. K. Sanil

Sometimes pet birds and animals are also sold in markets — a definitely unhealthy practice as the livestock and their droppings are invariably carriers of diseases. Moreover, there is no efficient inspection of the birds and animals by vets.

Views Of Authorities/Vendors

There is no dearth of municipal staff at municipal markets. Each such market in Bombay has a ward officer, deputy superintendent, head inspectors and inspectors as well as peons, jamadars and other menial staff. Although each market section has its own squad, the markets are dirty and shoppers' pathways never completely open. The officers concede that they find it difficult to cope with the

Continued on page 37

Kissan's fruity freshness

Kissan squashes & crushes

Nature's most refreshing fruits give their juice to Kissan squashes & crushes. Automatically processed and blended to make a balanced concentrate, Kissan squashes & crushes need no further sweeteners and dissolve instantly in soda or water to make a delicious drink at the ring of a doorbell. Drink all the year round, pick of-the-season freshness of plump oranges, tangy limes and lemons, pineapples, grapes. Kissan squashes & crushes are now available in bigger bottles which give you 20 ml. more at the very same price

THE KISSAN RANGE

Squashes : Lemon, Lime, Orange, Lemon Barley Water

Crushes : Grape, Pineapple, Orange

Once again!
Kissan orange squash wins the gold medal at Le Monde Selections 1978-Geneva.

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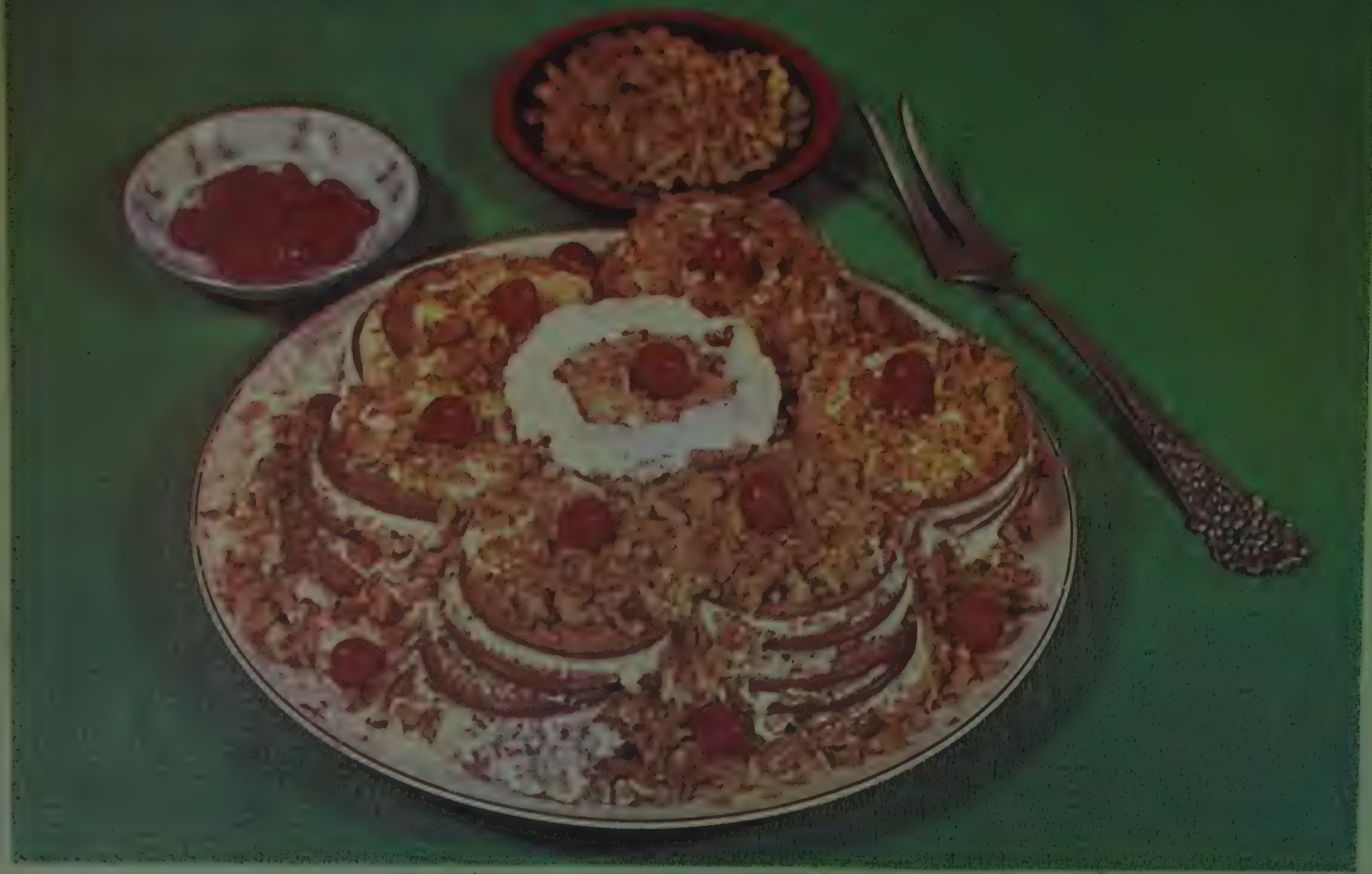
M33 KPL 15B 79

STEP BY STEP COOKERY

WALNUT BISCUIT DELIGHT



Photographs: Farokh Reporter

SUSHILLA VASWANI'S

stepwise cookery will help you this week to a sumptuous dessert that the family will adore. Simple and very easy to make with a handful of biscuits, and fresh cream.

2 small packets marie biscuits
2 cups hot water
2 tsps. coffee powder
150 grams walnuts, chopped
50 grams cherries

FOR THE ICING:

400 grams fresh cream
8 tbsps. icing sugar

FOR BUTTER ICING: (Optional)

250 grams margarine
8 to 10 tbsps. icing sugar
1 tsp. cocoa powder

Whip the cream and icing sugar till quite thick. If using the butter icing then beat the margarine, sugar and cocoa till light and fluffy.

Boil water and add the coffee powder. Mix well.

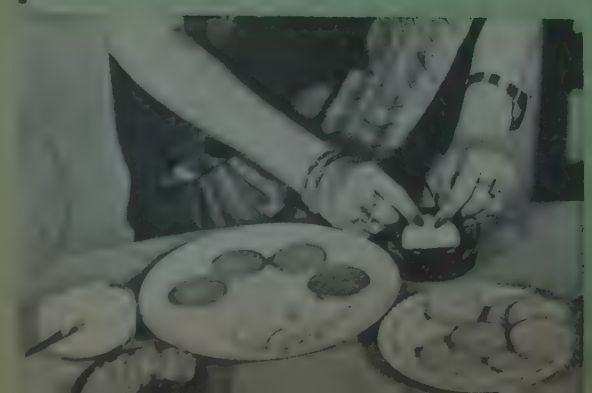
1. Dip each biscuit for a second in the coffee mixture and place it in rounds on a circular plate. Do not dip the biscuits for a long time as the biscuits will tend to become soft.

2. Put a tablespoon of the double whipped cream over each biscuit.

3. Dip some more biscuits in the coffee mixture and place it over the first biscuit layer so that the cream gets sandwiched between the two layers. Repeat this biscuit and cream layers five to seven times.

4. Cover thickly with chopped walnuts and decorate with cherries. Chill before serving.

1



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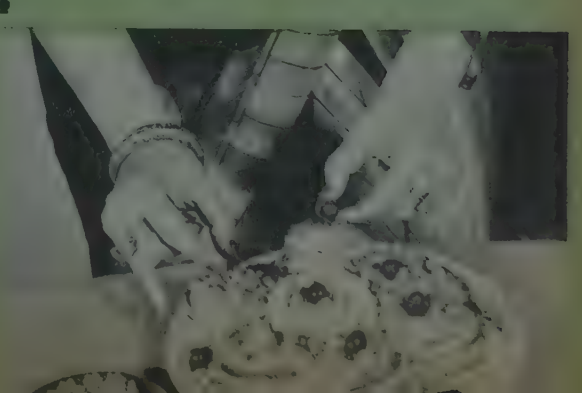

Enter the chic-modithread "needlework contest"

Anyone who can do embroidery, tatting, knitting, crochet or handicraft can win!

Win over Rs.1½ lakhs worth of prizes!
Easy to enter! Easy to win!
Exciting TCI – Sita Holiday

FABULOUS GRAND NATIONAL PRIZE

Chic-Modithread Needlework Queen Trophy for the best All-India entry plus a TCI – Sita 21 day all-inclusive 'Coast-to-Coast' holiday in the USA worth Rs. 16,500/-

No entry fee! How to enter:

All you have to do is get some colourful, colourfast Modithread and use it to do embroidery, knitting, crochet, tatting or handicraft. Make any item that you wish in a minimum size of 20 cms x 20 cms. All entries, regardless of category will be judged on neatness, colour combination and beauty of design. Details, Rules and Contest Entry Coupons are available at all Modithread dealers, Modithread Craftshops, Modithread depots and distributors, and in Chic Magazine during March, April, May, June, July and August 1979. Each entry must be accompanied by the labels of the Modithread used, and the printed Contest Entry Coupon.

Many more chances to win!

To give you more chances of winning prizes, the country and the Contest have been divided into 10 territories, with 80 prizes in each territory—which means that there are 800 prizes plus the Grand National Prize, selected from the 1st prize-winning entries from the 10 territories.

801 prizes to be won! (80 prizes in your territory)

Ten 1st Prizes : Fedders Lloyd / Zenith 165 Ltr. refrigerators each worth Rs. 4,275/-

Ten 2nd Prizes : Oberoi Hotels present ten 5-day holidays for a couple at their luxurious resort hotels in Kathmandu, Goa, Kashmir, Darjeeling, Simla and Gopalpur-on-sea.

Ten 3rd Prizes : modifloor World-class machine-made carpets each worth Rs. 2,500/-.

Ten 4th Prizes : Merritt Sewing-machines each worth Rs. 1,565/-.

Ten 5th Prizes : Trupti Kitchenware sets, each set worth Rs. 1,000/-

Plus:

150 Merit Prizes of **modicotton** Do-it-yourself salwar-kameez suits each worth Rs. 65/-

500 Consolation Prizes of gifts each worth Rs. 40/- from Chic Publications.

100 Bonus Prizes of gift hampers each worth Rs. 25/- from Corn Products—makers of Brown & Polson and Rex

Hurry! Contest ends 31st Aug. '79.

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Name _____

Address _____

_____

Enclosed Postal Order for Rs. _____ for _____ years subscription from _____

chic the creative entertaining fashion magazine.

Send in your entry to the Modithread Depot in your zone. Look for address details in the Rules and Regulations.

INCENTIVE

chic - modithread "needlework contest"

Rules and Regulations

1. Each entry must be accompanied by the Contest Entry Coupon available in this advertisement and at all Modithread dealers, Modithread Craftshops, Modithread depots and distributors and in Chic magazine during March, April, May, June, July and August 1979.
2. Entries may be articles of embroidery, crochet, knitting, tatting or handicraft. Entries in each category have an equal chance of winning.
3. There is no entry fee. Each entry must be accompanied by the labels of the Modithread used. If you have difficulty in getting Modithread, you may order them by V.P.P. from Chic magazine or from your nearest Modithread depot.
4. All prize-winning entries become the property of Chic Publications and will not be returned. Merit and consolation prizes will be returned after they are published in Chic magazine. If selected for publication, the prize winner will be requested to send complete instructions and will be paid the normal Chic contribution fee.
5. Non-prize winning entries will be returned by post within three months, after the last date of the contest.
6. The contest is open to all residents of India except employees of Chic Publications, Modithread Mills and Incentive Marketing & Advertising Pvt. Ltd. and their families.
7. The 1st prize winner (TCI-SITA trip to the U.S.A.) must be eligible for travel abroad according to Reserve Bank of India Regulations. All travel formalities will be undertaken by the winner. Compulsory travel tax will be payable by the winner.
8. The second prize-winners must pay for travel expenses to and fro. The holiday includes room and three meals (breakfast, lunch and dinner). The holiday is non-transferable and cannot be encashed. The winner will choose a holiday from any of the following Oberoi resort hotels: Soaltee Oberoi Kathmandu, Oberoi Palace Srinagar, Oberoi Bogmalo Beach Goa, Oberoi Mount Everest Darjeeling, Oberoi Cecil/Clarkes Simla, and Oberoi Palm Beach Gopalpur-on-Sea. Reservations must be confirmed with the hotel concerned.
9. Chic Publications and Modithread Mills will not be responsible for entries lost or delayed in transit.
10. The decision of the judges will be binding and final. No correspondence on the subject will be entertained.
11. All entries must reach the Modithread Depot in your territory before 31st August 1979 (the address of which is detailed in the advertisement).
12. Prizes cannot be encashed.

Send in your Contest entry to the Modithread Depot in your territory:-

1. **For Delhi, Madhya Pradesh, Rajasthan:** Modithread Depot, Palace Cinema Compound, 20, Roshanara Road, Delhi-110007. Tel. 516277, 527189.
2. **For Tamil Nadu, Kerala, Pondicherry:** Modithread Depot, 55 Linghi Chetty Street, Madras-600001. Tel. 27904.
3. **For Andhra Pradesh:** Modithread Depot, 3-6-290/15, Sadhna Bldg., Hyderguda, Hyderabad-500029. Tel. 33425.
4. **For Karnataka:** Modithread Depot, 30/40, Kangal Hanumanthiah Road, Bangalore-560027. Tel. 577541.
5. **For Gujarat:** Modithread Depot, Udyog Bhavan, Near Medical Hall, Behind Natraj Cinema, Ashram Road, Ahmedabad-380009. Tel. 78717.
6. **For Punjab, J & K, Haryana, Himachal Pradesh:** Modithread Depot, B-1/1101, Satsang Road, Civil Lines, Ludhiana-141001. Tel. 28353.
7. **For West Bengal, Assam, Sikkim, Nagaland, Tripura, Meghalaya, Arunachal Pradesh, Mizoram, Bhutan, Orissa, Andamans:** Modithread Depot, 1, Park Lane Street, Calcutta-700016. Tel. 242715.
8. **For Maharashtra & Goa:** Modithread Depot, Anil Chambers, Cinema Road, Dhobi Talao, Bombay-400020. Tel. 294310, 259630.
9. **For Bihar:** Modithread Depot, S.P. Verma Road, Patna-800001. Tel. 23536.
10. **For Uttar Pradesh:** Modithread Depot, 109/421, Brahmanagar Crossing, 80, Feet Road, Kanpur-208012. Tel. 43911.

CONTEST ENTRY COUPON

I agree to abide by the Rules & Regulations of the Chic Modithread Needlework Contest and accept the decision of the judges as final.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

Pin Code _____ State _____

INCENTIVE

SHARAN RANI

COLLECTION OF RARE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Delhi's National Museum will soon be the proud possessor of some rare and priceless musical instruments. Mrs. Sharan Rani, the famous Sarod player, has decided to part with her collection. She is the first woman instrumentalist to have received the Padma Shri (1968) and several other honours, including the title of 'Sangeet Saraswati'. Some of the instruments in her collection are 300 years old.

"I have collected these instruments over thirty years and have looked after them with great love and affection. For me, each instrument is a living being. When I first acquire it I spend days just touching it and playing it. It's very painful to even think of parting with them, but I feel that I cannot look after them properly. They need a lot more care and attention. So I decided to find a good home for them, and what could have been better than the museum?

"Instruments have always fascinated me. Whenever I went for a performance, I would talk to people about instruments of the old masters which were no longer in use or which were for sale. After I had collected a few pieces, my enthusiasm increased and I would travel all over the world to acquire them. Some have been gifted and some have been bought from kabadis. Even today they are all authentic specimens; 90 per cent of them produce lovely music when played."

Sharan Rani's collection consists of sur singars, beens, shankhs, drums, santoors and trumpets. Some of them belonged to Raja (Sir) Sourindra Mohan Tagore (1840-1914) of Calcutta, a famous musician. The huge sur singar, probably the only one of its kind in existence today, belonged to Jodu Bhatt of Vishtapura, said to be the guru of Rabindranath Tagore.

"The old instruments remind me of the enchanted world of days gone by, of old temples, religious institutions, pleasure houses, and places of the Rajput and Mughal periods where these were played for the patrons of music. Most of them still retain their beautiful colours and aristocratic designs. Giving them away makes me sad, but I have made sure that they will not be just dead instruments in the museum but will stay alive in their new home. One reason which prompted me to give them away was that I wanted others to enjoy this collection. Some of the instruments are no longer in vogue now and people do not even know their names."

Jyotsana Kapoor

Sharan Rani and her husband with some of the instruments in her collection.

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SEWAGE ON HOME TAP

Sewage leaking into water pipelines, chemical effluents of industries flowing into rivers and creeks . . . Bombay has become a disease-and-death trap for its human population as well as its flora and fauna

The epidemic of jaundice which struck us last year made us realize how dangerously polluted our drinking water is. The newspapers were full of the epidemic for the first few weeks, but after that a news blackout seemed to have started. The epidemic did not die out though. Doctors feel that jaundice may become chronic in Bombay.

In this epidemic, the relatively mild Hepatitis A virus was involved. But doctors feel that there may soon be an outbreak of Hepatitis B, a killer disease with a mortality rate that can go up to 30 per cent.

The primary cause of pollution of drinking water is the faulty water supply and sewage system of Bombay. The pipelines supplying water and those carrying sewage were laid 75 to 100 years ago. They were meant to cater to 600,000 residents. The population of Bombay now is almost seven million — an eleven-fold increase!

The pressure in the water pipe is supposed to be sufficient to prevent leakage of foreign matter into them. However, all areas of Bombay do not get water all day, but only for a few hours every day. In most places, sewage pipes and waterpipes run side by side. Both have by now corroded and need to be replaced. Hence, when the water pipes are empty, filthy matter from the sewage pipes gets into them. So the drinking water we get often contains human excreta!

Photographs: B K. Sanil

Last December, tests were conducted to find out whether water supplied to Bombay was fit to be drunk. (Could there be a doubt?) Surprisingly, the Hydraulic Department of the Bombay Municipal Corporation found all tested samples potable. But their Health Department concluded that all the samples were below standard. An independent body — the National Environmental Engineering Research Institute (NEERI) — found all samples unfit for human consumption.

Last June, the BMC distributed 1.5 million chlorine tablets to control the spread of jaundice. But it also pointed out that

Continued on page 38

Rasna. You just can't stop at one... and you don't have to!

Each clever little pack of Rasna (made in a fully automatic plant) makes 2 whole bottles of syrup... enough for 32 generous glasses! Have Rasna with water or fizz it up with soda. Gulp, gulp...delicious!

So easy to make:
Just mix Rasna with water and add sugar. 10 exciting flavours to choose from.

Also available in bulk packs that make 125 drinks each.

Rasna
soft drink concentrate

the one drink you can be generous with

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

I'M FED UP WITH ALL THIS TRAFFIC AND CONGESTION!
I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN -
LAUNDRY
WHY DON'T WE TAKE SOME TIME OFF AND GET AWAY FROM IT ALL?
WE COULD GO SOMEPLACE QUIET AND PEACEFUL WHERE THERE'S NO POLLUTION....NO NOISE....NO HORDES OF TOURISTS!
WHERE PRICES AREN'T EXORBITANT AND EVERYBODY ISN'T OUT TO ROB YOU BLIND AT EVERY TURN!
YES -
5-14
WHY DON'T WE DO IT?
IT'S TOO COLD AT THE SOUTH POLE -
© King Features Syndicate, Inc., 1978. World rights reserved.

THAT'S A LAUGH!

The angry wife was waiting at the front door as the bedraggled husband staggered in at eight o'clock in the morning. "And how will you explain this?" she snapped.

"Well, after I called to tell you I was working late, I drove my secretary to her apartment and she invited me up for a nightcap," said the weary husband. "Then she began to get friendly, and I finally decided to spend the night there."

"Don't lie to me," snarled the wife. "You've been playing cards again."

* * *

A man whose wife had just given birth to triplets burst into the room where the newborn tots were kept. "Get out of here," shouted the nurse. "You're not sterile."

"Lady," said the fellow, looking proudly at his offspring, "you're telling me!"

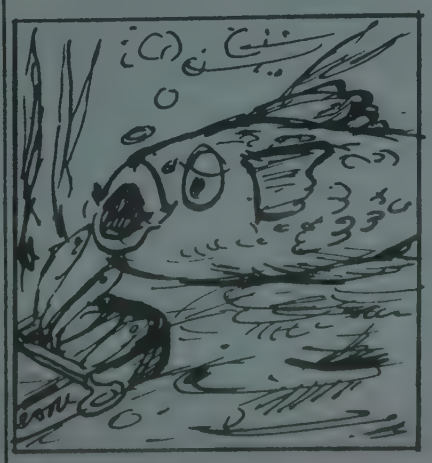
* * *

"Did you get home okay from the factory party last night?"

"Sure, it was fine until I got to the corner by the chemists. Just as I was going round the corner somebody stepped on my fingers."

* * *

Little boy: "This book says that in the ocean, the big fish eat the little sardines. Is that true?"



Mother: "Sure, it's true."

Little boy: "Well, how do they get the cans open?"

* * *

One friend to another: I've seen so many detective films on TV that when I turn on the set I automatically wipe my fingerprints off the switch."

* * *

A lay preacher's daughter, who attended a dance against her father's wishes, was greeted coolly by him the next morning.

Father: "Good morning, daughter of Satan."

Daughter: "Good morning, father."

* * *

Then there was the nudist colony that posted a sign that read: "CLOTHED FOR THE WINTER."

* * *

Young One: "Are you Mrs. Sharua?

Madam: "That's right."

Young One: "Did you marry twenty-eight years ago?"

Madam: "Yes."

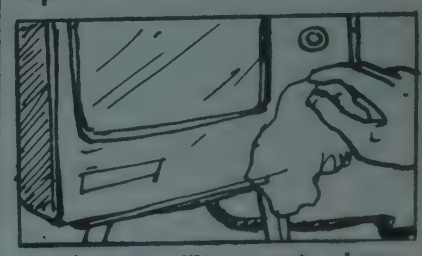
Young One: Did you leave it at the city temple?"

Madam: "Yes."

Young One: "Hello, mother!"

* * *

Heroine: "Last night I walked in my sleep and woke up in a night club. How embarrassing when they woke me up."



Director: "It must have been embarrassing in a night gown."

Heroine: "Who wears a night gown?"

* * *

The honeymoon is over when he phones that he will be late for supper and she has already left a note that it is in the refrigerator.

Compiled by George Fegradoe.

THE EVENTFUL SUMMER

Chitra Chockalingam

Who can forget that summer? I mean how can you forget the summer when you are sixteen going on seventeen. And then events piled up one after the other making it very difficult to forget. It was the summer my father went to England. It was the summer I decided to become a writer, and it was the summer I felt like doing crazy things like painting the gate red and black much to the disgust of my elder brother and the amusement of my father. It was also the summer that Annapooni's son disappeared and the summer the Swedish couple came to live in our colony.

The colony was buzzing with talk. In a colony where everyone knew each other and nothing could be hidden, the new house opposite was the subject of much talk for some time. Everyone wondered who would come to live there. So when beautiful furniture arrived one morning, the curtains from every window were raised to observe. I was sitting in our lawn at that time, at least my father called it our lawn. My brother and I called it our Sahara, because it was just a largish piece of earth with bits of grass growing here and there. As I was sitting there, a foreign car stopped there right outside our house. I pretended to read a book and watched under cover the whole time. A foreign couple got out. The woman was about thirty-five years old and was wearing brief shorts and a blouse, and the man was clad similarly.

Annapooni and her husband also watched. They were sitting under the May tree eating their noon-day meal. Annapooni was our servant maid. Strictly speaking, she was the colony's servant maid. Her husband owned a cow and sold milk. She herself worked in almost all the houses in the colony, an hour here, an hour there. She had six children, the youngest of them less than two years old. Her eldest two ran errands for most of the houses in the colony. Every morning, they would find out if anyone wanted anything from the market. The younger children were forever having running noses and followed their mother from house to house. They played around in the streets. The youngest stayed inside the gate though often he would toddle off outside only to be dragged in by one of the other children.

Annapooni originally came Andhra. This I learnt, for sometimes her Tamil had stray words of Telugu in between. She carried the gossip from house to house. She knew what happened in every house and while she ground the coconut for the curry in the Lals' house, she would tell them what Mrs. Srinivasan was cooking in her house. When the Patels were expecting a baby, she was the one who came to know of it first. She watched Sunita Patel push away the vegetable curry she loved so much. Annapooni was cleaning some vessels in her house. "Oh! Annapooni, get some water. I feel sick," she wailed. Annapooni obliged and shook her head knowingly, "You don't fret, it is a little one coming that is," she told the surprised and delighted Mrs. Patel. And of course everyone in the colony knew about it before evening. Mr. Patel coming home from work wondered why everyone gave him knowing smiles.

When one of the men in the colony went on tour, Annapooni gathered up her straw mat and her youngest son and slept overnight in their house, to give the wife company. Her husband sometimes did the gardening and the weeding for the colony. Strangely enough, the youngest of the children, mostly nude and very dirty, did not look undernourished, and was a fat happy child who ate sand and pebbles like the children of his age would eat sweets. Annapooni went about in lazy contentment, the family had one square meal a day in the evening, when her husband brought home fish.

In the midst of all this, the Swedish couple arrived. First, we thought they were English, and the colony inhabitants competed with each other to make friends with them. But these attempts were discouraging because we soon realised that the lady spoke no English, and the man spoke English only a little, haltingly. So they were left alone and now the women spent evenings peeping to see what the foreign lady wore. They sniggered at her brief shorts but agreed grudgingly that her legs were lovely.

Once I found Annapooni's sons peering through a hole in the wall of the house-opposite. Later, I asked Annapooni what the boys were gazing at. Oh! she said, pretending to be shocked but delighted to tell the news, the foreign lady was asleep on the grass wearing just this. She went on to describe a bikini.

Quite unaware of the attention she was getting, the Swedish lady spent her mornings after her husband left for work gazing at the slum adjacent to the colony. The life of the hut-dwellers fascinated her and she gazed with thoughtful interest there every morning.

Once Mr. Bent — that was the Swedish man's name — said to Mr. Lal, "My wife, she so sad about them." He pointed at the hut-dwellers. "She cry because they live so, the small children, she cry for them." Mr. Lal looked as if he would have liked to say pooh! but he merely said "Oh! they are happy enough.

Maybe sometimes even happier than us."

But Mrs. Bent continued to worry about them. Every time Annapooni's sons went there to ask if she wanted anything from the market, she gave them cakes and bread to eat, with the result Annapooni's sons went too often to the market for her and forced her to buy vegetables she did not want.

One Sunday I noticed the Bents walking through the slum with a crowd of children behind them. One went so far as to touch her to make sure her skin was really white.

We got used to seeing the Bents around and the hot days went by slowly and smoothly. The Patels walked dreaming of the future baby. Mrs. Patel could talk of nothing else. All the women of the colony gave her advice on what to eat and drink. The Sreenivasans took the doctor's advice and started giving their child eggs, at least Annapooni said so and this was confirmed when Mrs. Sreenivasan asked my mother how to cook an egg. Mrs. Lal won a cooking competition and treated all the children to ice-cream. The Nairs' two children started learning

THE SWEDISH COUPLE WAS ONE OF THE 'EVENTS' OF THAT SUMMER. DURING THEIR BRIEF STAY THEY PROVIDED MUCH INTEREST AND TALK FOR THE COLONY

dancing and dance music could be heard in the evenings above the children's cricket din. Mr. Velu changed jobs and we were all informed about it by Anapooni the very next day. And to crown it all, the first of my stories was published.

In the midst of all this there came that Sunday, or was it a Sunday? Yes, it was because I remember wanting some stamps to post my new story and then remembering that the post-office was closed. So that Sunday, while the colony had a late breakfast, a sudden wail was heard outside our house.

It was Annapooni. It gave me a shock to see that she was crying. "What is it Annapooni, what happened?" I said. "I cannot find my Kannan anywhere," she said. Doors opened and the neighbours came out. "Is that all Annapooni? He must be somewhere here," my mother said. And we all started to look around. "No Amma, he is not anywhere here. I looked everywhere. I have been looking for the past one hour. I left him inside the house." So saying, she started weeping.

"Annapooni!" said the women of the colony, "Maybe Gopal has him." "No Amma, he has gone with the other two younger boys to the field to get some fresh grass for the buffalo. I sent him off; only then I came here with Kannan."

This was a puzzle and by now the men entered the scene. "Confounded little rascal," said Mr. Lal when he heard the story. "He must be here somewhere." "He is always crawling under the gates and entering the houses," said Mr. Velu. "Stop that crying, woman! Go and look carefully in each house again," said Mr. Lal. He was one of those softhearted types who hated to admit it, and so sought refuge behind angry words. I turned indoors and started looking inside our house, but the little one was nowhere to be seen. The others also went home to look. Finally they all came out again. This time all of us were troubled. Kannan was nowhere to be found. They all gathered in front of our house again. "You say he was here?" said my mother, pointing to our lawn. "Yes, just there Amma, and the gate was closed." "That is nothing, he could have easily crawled under it."

Annapooni's wails were steadily getting shriller and had reached the slum. Some of the slumdwellers started coming out.

"Oh dear!" said Mr. Sreenivasan, "I hope nothing has happened to the little fellow. I mean, if he is walking on the road, he could get run over." "But," said Mr. Patel, "if he had gone from here surely someone in the slum would have noticed him and said something."

"There is one place we haven't looked," I said. Everyone turned to look at me. I pointed to the house opposite. The house stood silent this morning, no sound came from it and the curtains were all drawn.

"I looked there. I looked over the wall into the garden," said Annapooni. "Perhaps they are still sleeping," said Mr. Nair, "after all it is a Sunday." "No," said Mrs. Velu, "I came out to buy some tomatoes this morning and I saw Mr. Bent drive away in his car. He was alone." "So she is there. Then we can ask her if she has seen him," said Mrs. Nair. "Quite unlikely, since she seems to be sleeping," said Mr. Nair.

Just as we were debating whether or not to ring the Bents' doorbell, the door opened and out came Mrs. Bent, carrying a bundle in her hand. She came towards us and we soon saw that it was Annapooni's baby, though we took some time recognising him. I looked at the others. Mr. Lal was frowning, Mrs. Lal's mouth was open with surprise and so was Mrs. Nair's. My mother and the others stood staring.

Annapooni broke the spell. "There he is," she exclaimed. And there he was. Mrs. Bent brought him forward. It was Annapooni's baby all right, but oh how different! He had been scrubbed clean, his hair shampooed and combed, his face was shining clean and he had been powdered all over and he was wearing new clothes, socks and shoes. Hey! the exclamation from half a dozen of us. Mrs. Bent came towards us, pointed at Annapooni and out came a stream of words in Swedish. She was angry and she showed it. We all gathered that, but did not know the reason. Annapooni tried to take the child from her hands but Mrs. Bent clung to the child, giving Annapooni another piece of her mind.

"Funny business," said Mr. Lal. "I think we better wait till her husband arrives to get to the bottom of this." He turned to the other men. They nodded. Mrs. Bent carried the baby back into her house. The baby seemed quite happy, chewing a biscuit.

The men went back to Mr. Lal's house and sat on the verandah, waiting for Mr. Bent. The women went indoors to do their cooking.

"Oh, my sambhar," said Mrs. Sreenivasan, "it must be all spoilt." "Are you making sambhar?" said Sunita Patel. Mr. Sreenivasan beamed. "I will send you some." My mother explained to Annapooni that they were waiting for Mr. Bent and led her indoors. Annapooni was still wondering what the stream of words in Swedish meant when the sound of a car was heard. Yes, it was Mr. Bent coming back. The men too heard it and came out. So did the women. Mrs. Sreenivasan too, regardless of the sambhar. The men watched Mr. Bent go to his house, and if he was surprised to see the baby, he did not show it. His wife held a heated discussion with him. Mr. Bent looked at the men standing near his gate and came towards them. "My wife, she say she took baby because baby's mother not look after him. She does not keep baby clean nor feed it properly. She says it is wrong, so If someone can afford to look after baby, he must be given to them. So she say that she will look after child for her."

Continued on page 31

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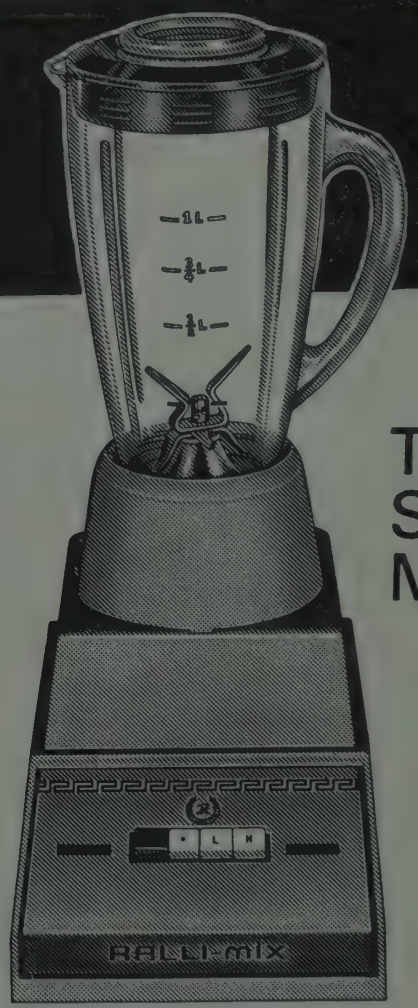

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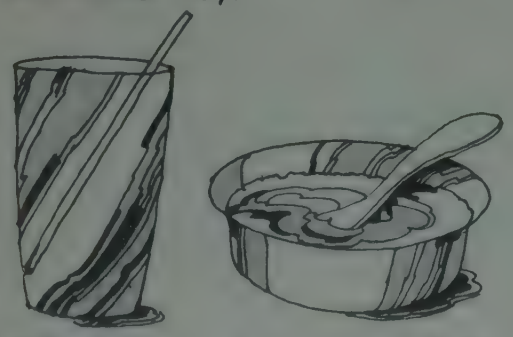

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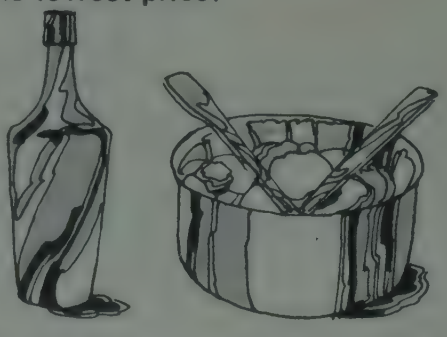

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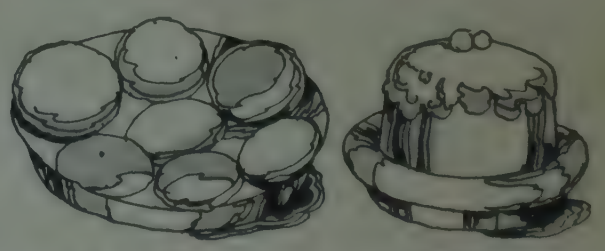

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JAYA BACHCHAN:

THE HEROINE WHO SHATTERED CONVENTION

The popular concept of the film heroine demanded a full-grown body and had little to do with the sensitivity of adolescent hang-ups. Jaya shot into prominence with a unique child-woman identity in 'Uphaar' and 'Guddi'

So many tears are being shed these days over Mrs. Jaya Bachchan's artistic martyrdom, over the way domesticity has shackled her acting talents, that it would seem almost blasphemous to call into question her individual contribution to the success of the pre-marital Jaya Bhaduri.

The reason is obvious. Overcome by nostalgia for our post-humous screen goddesses, we love to wallow in the dearth of good female artistes on the scene today. There are, of course, a couple of worthy contenders — Rekha and Raakhee. But Rekha, however gifted, is too casual a performer to merit serious consideration and Raakhee is too busy putting on sensitive airs to grip her roles effectively.

In fact, the vacuum is acute enough for Jaya herself to contemplate a comeback. The ever-vigilant film press has maintained close tabs on her statements and a film monthly recently quoted her: "I wish I could play the role Raakhee played in **Trishul.** It was such a beautiful role. if one could interpret it well. I would have given it a totally different dimension."

More than the talent shortage presently afflicting the film industry, it must be this desire to prove herself as a versatile actress that makes Jaya long for the limelight. For, however staunchly her admirers may vouch for her efficiency as a performer, the fact remains that only two of her films to date have achieved the ideal marriage between the character and the artiste: **Guddi** and **Uphaar.**

Jaya Bhaduri did come up with competent performances in **Mili, Abhimaan** and **Piya ka Ghar,** but none of these had the stunning impact of her first two films. (Her **Naya Din Nayi Raat** boiled down to a show-window for Sanjeev Kumar's histrionics and **Sholay,** in terms of characterization, was virtually a stag vehicle.)

Significantly, both **Guddi** and

Uphaar focussed on the growth of the child-woman. They explored the theme of sexual awakening, one of the more delicate psychological complexities of adolescence. Guddi's crush on the film star Dharmendra, her brusque rejection of the prospective lover and the gradual shift to mature understanding — all were in keeping with the kiddish buoyancy of a girl stumbling over the threshold of puberty and womanhood. This transformation was much more evident in **Uphaar,** a remake of Satyajit Ray's **Samapti** which, in turn, was based on a short story by Rabindranath Tagore.

The child-woman character, always a favourite with writers, has invaded the international film scene on a massive scale. Perhaps it all began with the French film-maker Robert Bresson's **Mouchett.** The current craze among the film-makers on the Continent showed in at least a dozen films seen during this year's International Film Festival in New Delhi. To recall a few: **Waiting For The Rain** (directed by Karel Kachyna, Czechoslovakia), **The Indians Are Still Far Away** (directed by Patricia Moraz, Switzerland/France) and **The Debut** (directed by Nouchka Van Brakel, Netherlands).

Like the heroines of these films, particularly the perky teeny bopper of **The Debut,** Jaya (Guddi) Bhaduri radiated a charming innocence and established a unique identity on the commercial Hindi screen. Till the early seventies, when Jaya shot into prominence, the popular concept of the Hindi film heroine demanded a full-grown body and had little to do with the sensitivity of adolescent hang-ups. Jaya shattered convention and emerged victorious.

But time and motherhood have taken their toll. Jaya Bachchan is no longer Jaya Bhaduri and, to go by the latest photographs, the girlish looks have mellowed. The earlier "image" has died a natural death. Moreover, the lukewarm public response to her later films has proved that her initial successes owed as much to the inherent appeal of the fascinating child-woman character as to her own acting capabilities. And so it will take more than an FTII acting medal to convince us that Jaya Bachchan ranks among the greatest of our actresses. The real test is yet to come.

Photograph : Girish Shukla

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YOUNG VIEWPOINT

A forum for young people to express their opinions, share news about their activities and get to know more about each other

BEAT STOCK '79

1979 is turning out to be a musical year for Calcuttans. It began with Jazzfest organised by the Calcutta Chapter of Jazz India, where the international group, Embryo, became the darlings of the audience. At BEAT STOCK '79, sponsored by the makers of Regent King cigarettes, amateur beat groups from Eastern India had a chance to show their talents and win attractive prizes offered by the sponsors. This was followed by a programme of Usha.

Nine groups competed in Beat Stock '79 to a near-capacity crowd. Although groups like Muff, Wheels, Axe, Small Fry and Shy received the applause they deserved, the booing that the other groups received was too harsh considering that they were only amateurs and were facing a capacity crowd for the first time. Muff won the first prize, and stole the hearts of the audience. Each member of the group did his part exceedingly well. Wheels bagged the second prize with their well-practised numbers and perfect harmony. Axe bagged the third prize.

Maria Joseph, leader of Shy, receiving the special prize at Beat Stock '79.

The Shy group — (from left) Van on piano, Maria at mike, Poppet with drums, Elsa with rhythm guitar and Kitty with base guitar.

And Shy — the all-woman group comprising one Parsee girl, two Goans and two Keralites — won a special prize. This group got the highest marks for appearance and did their numbers better than the other groups. They were received with cheers and they left the stage with the crowd asking for more. The group has great potential and is expected to go a long way.

The group did not exist till a few months ago. The girls played separately before the group was formed. Living in the same neighbourhood and three of them studying in the same school, they decided to form an amateur all-girls group and call themselves Shy. They were not aiming to win the first prize in Beat Stock '79 but they put all their effort into giving a good performance. They seem too conscious of the fact that they are all girls. At the same time they are determined to show the guys that girls too can do things.

Maria Joseph, the 21-year-old leader of the group, sings and also plays the piano and guitar. She is very keen on getting the Master's degree in Social Welfare. She would like to get involved only with a guy who has a similar bent of mind.

Vanita Misquita, popularly known as Van, is only 17½ and plays the piano and guitar.

Livinia Framjee, 'Poppet' to her friends, is 18 years old, and has always wanted to be a drummer.

Christina D'Souza or Kitty is 17. Her mishievous eyes make her look like an always-up-to-something girl, but she is quiet and reserved. She plays base guitar in a cool and relaxed style of her own.

Elizabeth Joseph, Elsa to her friends, is 18, and the sister of Maria, the leader. She looks a little less serious than her sister. She has won many prizes, and plays the rhythm guitar.

Pradip Sethi

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into a beautiful midi with long sleeves,
at wrist.**

LEFT: For the mod and the young — a magenta terrycot kaftan with puffed-up sleeves has silver trimmings at waist and sleeve edge; printed cottons has a fresh look with tiers and lace trimmings, with delicate tie-ups at shoulders.

ABOVE: Smart and casual — floral printed harem pants is worn with a plain top, sleeves and hemline trimmed with braid; a printed lungi with a frilly side opening is worn with a mid-riff halter top.

Location Courtesy: Nataraj Hotel, Bombay

Photographs : Farokh Reporter

CASHING IN ON BANKS

Jyoti Lajmi

The proportion of working women has increased considerably in recent times and women in banks in particular have become a common feature. Many women seem to prefer a bank job to any other and there appear to be several reasons for this choice.

At one time a bank job required very few qualifications compared to other jobs normally open to women. The basic qualification was matriculation and experience was considered even less important. Today, however, with the changing times, banks have become a little more demanding as far as academic laurels are concerned. There is keen competition even among graduates to obtain employment in a bank. While the minimum qualification for clerks still remains marticulation the candidate must be graduate with a higher second class in commerce or a first class in Arts or Science for direct recruitment to an officer's post. Bank selection procedures have become more rigid and lengthy. The selection procedure starts with an entrance test. Later in the career, the aspiring employee has to pass two examinations conducted by the Indian Institute of Bankers to reach the post of an officer.

Women stand a better chance of promotions. This is largely because men tend to leave banks for better jobs or to establish their own business.

Many women (and men) prefer to remain clerks even when they have an opportunity to be promoted as officers mainly to avoid the extra responsibility. In addition, officers are not entitled to overtime and bonus which may constitute a substantial part of the pay-packet of a clerk. The general feeling is that bank employees get high salaries for comparatively little work. It is small wonder then that bank jobs attract the longest queues of jobseekers, a majority of whom are graduates. The recent controversy over the wages and D.A. of bank employees and the subsequent all-India bank strike hit the economy of the country quite adversely. "Of course there were certain days in a week when cheques were cleared; says **Mrs. Kanta Jhangiani,** a manager of an all-woman branch of a nationalized bank. "This was mainly to try and avoid overdraft. In fact, we even helped many of our customers personally, by giving them cash against their salary cheques." This non-co-operation movement followed the government's decision to lower the percentage of their D.A. The officers, however, went on only a one-day token strike. Whether the strike was justified or not, the fact remains that at least as far as women are concerned, banks offer a comparatively lucrative, steady and safe source of income. A surprising thing, however, is that very few women I met could really tell me anything about the strike.

"It is not correct to say that bank employees are paid more than enough and that they have nothing to complain," declares **Mrs. Sharda Ullal,** agent of a South Bombay branch of a co-operative bank. "Workload in banking fluctuates. Sometimes it may appear that some of the employees are kept idle. Most of the time, however, we are understaffed." In fact, many banks in Bombay transfer employees from one branch temporarily to another branch where work may have piled up. Many banks do not pay overtime but employees do work extra hours at times, for instance, during the annual closing of accounts. A bank is a very active place where an employee cannot relax lest she commits an error in computations or book entries. Since the job involves the in- and out-flow of cash, vigilance against even minor mistakes is important. In several banks, employees are shifted from one department to another periodically to avoid monotony.

Another reason for this rotation of duty is also to enable the employees to have a fair amount of knowledge about all the departments.

"Selection and confirmation are entirely based on merit," says **Miss Ketki Jani,** a clerk in a nationalized bank. "No differentiation is made between men and women." Women, however, appear to stand a better chance for promotions than men. This is more by default than on account of merit alone, since a larger proportion of men relinquish their bank posts in favour of better jobs or to establish their own business, while women tend to hold on to the job, even after marriage. In such cases, it is quite clear that promotion depends partly on their seniority in the bank.

Bank timings are ideal for women. They get enough time to devote to their homes before or after working hours.

A bank clerk has to pass two examinations conducted by the Indian Institute of Bankers before he can be considered for the post of officer. The two examinations are the CAIIB (Certified Associate of the Indian Institute of Bankers) Part I and Part II. Many women appear to be content to continue as clerks since clerical posts are regarded as less responsible. Besides this, a bank job offers security, since the retiring age is 58. A bank job permits a woman to devote time to her family and home. In addition to job security, there are few worries to take home.

Many of the women bank employees I spoke to also appeared to derive a good deal of job-satisfaction. There are also such women who consider their career of highest importance. Such women rise high in banking, being totally involved with their subject.

The initial salary in any bank varies between Rs. 400 and Rs. 500 for a clerical post, depending upon the qualifications of the candidate. After confirmation a bank employee also enjoys a considerable number of fringe benefits and facilities such as dearness allowance, low-interest loans for housing, medical expense reimbursement. Bonus at a minimum rate of 8.33 per cent is also paid to employee drawing a basic salary of up to Rs. 1,600. Several banks pay overtime to employees for working extra hours. Leave travel allowance which amounts to first class rail fare up to 1,500 km. once in two years for officers and first class rail fare up to 1,200 km. once in three years to clerical employees is also paid.

"A bank job means working in a closely knit group, although each members of the group works fairly independently. The Bank Manager is easily accessible and working conditions are pleasant," says **Miss Seeme Golikeri,** typist-cum-clerk, who has been working with a nationalized bank for the past four years.

Most of the women I interviewed stated that they worked mainly to supplement the earnings of their husbands.

A man goes to work with very few worries about his home and children. On the other hand, a woman always faces some domestic crisis or the other. For instance, an illness, a pregnancy, non-appearance of the servant, sudden arrival of guests, etc. often make things difficult for the woman, and necessitate application for leave at very short notice. Leave of absence is much more easily obtained in a bank job than in, say, a private business firm.

Bank timings are also ideally suited to the requirements of most women who can devote their time to their homes either before or after working hours. For instance, some banks open at 11 a.m. which gives a woman the morning for household chores. There are banks which open at 8.30 a.m. where a woman has her evenings free to look after home and family. The double burden that working both in the home and outside entails is something that is here to stay unless more husbands and establishments co-operate to reorganise life in such a way that there is some justice in the system.

The general feeling is that women are more hardworking and sincere, and have less inclination to be dishonest than men.

There are several banks in India which have branches entirely staffed by women. The first such branch was opened by Syndicate Bank in Bangalore. Noting its success, the bank opened another such branch in

Bombay in 1969, and several other banks followed suit.

"The main idea behind the experiment was to encourage more women customers to handle their own transactions in money," says **Mrs. Meera Pai,** the first manager of the all-woman branch of a nationalized bank in Bombay. "We were surprised to note that even if the money belonged to a housewife, only her husband dealt with all the bank transactions." She feels that having women working in a bank results in women customers shedding their shyness and encourages them to take a step towards dealing with their own monetary problems.

"This experiment has undoubtedly increased our female clientele," says Mrs. Pai "They are more frank with us regarding their problems than they would have been with males."

But such banks have their problems, too. Mrs. Jhangiani cited the series of bank burglaries in the past few months. The customer gives two fifty-rupee notes and asks for a hundred, or vice versa to the cashier. The change given, he departs. Later, the cashier notices that nearly Rs. 900 is missing from the box. "We don't know how they do it," Mrs. Jhangiani says. "It has happened at our branch recently. Whether it is hypnosis or something else is yet to be solved."

The general feeling among women bank employees is that women are more hardworking, sincere and have less inclination to be dishonest than men.

"The only disadvantage which most women find in an all-woman branch is dealing with the legal side of any problem;" says **Mrs. Sunkersett,** sub-manager of an all-woman bank. "Court proceedings can be particularly trying and awkward for a woman." Most of the legalities arise regarding non-payment of loans. Of course, there appears to be no concrete reason as to why a woman should feel 'awkward' in a court in this modern age of women lawyers and women judges!

The future of women in banks seems to be exceptionally bright at the moment. Women are not 'pampered', though they do enjoy a lot of attention from their male colleagues and privileges such as transfers. With more banks springing up, more jobs are created and simultaneously more women are looking for jobs. With their preference for a bank job, there will be a lot of competition in this field in the future.

THE EVENTFUL SUMMER

Continued from page 23

"Could have asked the mother's permission first," I said mildly.

But no one took any notice. "Well," said Mr. Lal, "you have to ask the permission of the child's parents." "Very true. My wife she did wrong, I tell her that."

So when Annapooni's husband came back from the field, Mr. Velu explained the whole thing to them. "You know," he said kindly, "the Bents say they will sort of foster your child, look after him. Well, in a way it is good because with you he is so neglected. I mean," he added hastily, "you have no time to look after him, so why not let them look after him? Only if you want it, of course," he added. Annapooni's husband looked at Annapooni, one of those looks so full of meaning. Annapooni hurriedly got up and said they will discuss this later.

Later in the evening, a much subdued Annapooni came to our house. "Yes, Amma," she said, "what they say is true. I cannot really look after him and if they look after him, he will grow up someone nice and look at his new clothes," she said, her eyes shining, "Annapooni, supposing after three years — I heard they are here for three years — suppose they leave, what then? Are you going to give your child to them?" "No Amma, three years is a long time and by then he will fend for himself." And with that she went into the verandah to gaze at the house opposite where her son was now fast asleep.

My mother told the Lals about Annapooni's decision and the Lals after confirming with her husband, told Mr. Bent, who explained it all to the beaming Mrs. Bent. So the baby stayed with the Bents. Mrs. Bent bathed, dressed and fed the child and even bought it some toys. Annapooni and her husband went to see him every day. But as the husband was very busy he could not continue this and finally his visits became less frequent but Annapooni went every day and played with Kannan, though Mrs. Bent looked with disgust at Annapooni's unclean sari.

The whole colony, of course, watched all these proceedings. They all agreed that it was good for the baby and was glad Annapooni felt the same way. Soon Annapooni and her baby receded into the background as a new topic came up. It was Mrs. Nair's sister. She had been sent from her hometown to our town, so that a husband could be found for her. Last month Mrs. Nair was almost in despair. No proposal worked out. Now the sister had fallen in love and found her own bridegroom.

Mrs. Nair was conducting the wedding in her house, right in our colony, The women all gathered in Mrs. Nair's house for a cup of tea and free advice on how to conduct the marriage, so nobody really noticed that Annapooni had become quieter and quieter. Her gossip became less and she hardly seemed to be intersted in the wedding.

The day the pandal was erected, I was sitting in the verandah planning to see all the proceedings with the selfish idea of using it in one of my stories. I hardly noticed Annapooni slowly walking home, until she almost passed me and I was startled to hear a sudden sob.

I called out to her and she stopped. "Now what is the matter Annapooni, why are you crying?" "Nothing, Nothing is the matter, Mala Amma." (She could never use my name alone). "Then are you crying because the weather is hot?" "No Mala Amma." "Well, then out with it. Come on, tell me". "It is them, Amma," she pointed to the opposite house. "Oh! I wish they hadn't come," she sobbed. "My own child, Mala Amma, he does not want me any more. He seems to like her better. He cried this morning when I carried him, he cried when his father came to see him after many days and today he did not come to me. He didn't want to come to me." "Well, I expect he was tired or something," I said, though I thought this was bound to happen.

It was about a month now and the boy had got used to comforts and probably even forgot his mother a little. I was just thinking this when Annapooni touched me on the shoulder. "Mala Amma," she stopped. "Yes, Annapooni?" "Please, Mala Amma, can you help me? I am frightened of Mr. Lal and the people opposite. I don't know how to say it to them, but I want the child back." She sobbed, "I cannot make my husband understand. He says I see my boy every day, so why can't he be where he is fed and clothed well?"

I looked at her in sympathy. I understood how she felt "I'll do my best Annapooni," I said. She gave me a grateful smile and walked on. I took up the matter with my mother. She thought about it and then said, "That is why I asked her to think about it properly, the silly woman. Now I'd better tell Mr. and Mrs. Lal how things stand and maybe he could explain it all to Mr. Bent."

So the Lals invited the Bents to tea and everything was explained. Mrs. Bent cried. She said all she wanted to do was what was best for the child. She hated to see children running around like this, so badly clad and unhealthy. Mr. Bent wiped her eyes and explained that perhaps the mother had a point after all. "Mothers like the child to love them best." He waited for Mrs. Lal to agree with him. Mrs. Lal agreed. She nodded her head vigorously. So over two cups of tea and an assortment of sweets and savouries the matter was settled.

Annapooni walked in the next morning with her son. She carried a small suitcase "Hey Annapooni, what is that?" She almost ran towards me. "Look, Mala Amma, the lady, she is nice and I am so bad to think such wicked thoughts about her. Look!" She opened the suitcase. In it lay about twenty sets of clothes, all fairly new, for the boy, complete with three plates and three cups. "For him," said Annapooni, "she gave them to him."

She put the suitcase down and took the corner of her saree pallav in hand. She untied the corner where she had tied a knot and she pulled out a 100-rupee note. This she handed to me. "You keep it for me, Mala Amma. The white lady, she said it is to buy him food when I don't have money."

I looked at the baby. He was busy pulling a flower to pieces.

So things went back to normal. The Nairs had the wedding. The Bents left the colony soon afterwards and Annapooni said that Mr. Sreenivasan's brother was coming to stay there.

And Annapooni herself became the same old cheerful self, taking better care of the baby, mindful of the fact that someone might offer to do it for her instead.

V.I.P. Interviews-4

"Voilà! In the Cairo I lose my bagages... in the India, I find le 'V.I.P.'. C'est magnifique!"

The interview started with a sparkling cascade in French, ending on an incredulous note, "You no speak Français? Non?"

From then on, Mademoiselle Anne-Solene De Kersabiec* spoke using her hands, her eyes and a delightful variation of English.

"I am, how you say, the designing woman. N'est ce pas? That is not so?" said our belle Parisienne of haute couture fame.

"So I likes your 'V.I.P.' tres beaucoup. Too much!" she exclaimed.

We tried to protest that it wasn't possible for anyone to like a 'V.I.P.' too much. If only we could get a chance!

"Quelle qualité! Quelle durabilité!" she continued. "I voyage in your country, for maybe one thousand kilomètres. looking for les handloom textiles. And my 'V.I.P.'s. Voici! You think I buy them now!"

I am la couturière, so I likes very much the details of le V.I.P.'. Les superb adjustments. The solid chassis.. et les good pivots. Hinges? You say?"

"And your rangée, it is fantastique. I am surprising. I can count up to one hundred!"

"Actually, we have over 150 items in the 'V.I.P.' range, in seven r-r-ravishing colours," we corrected, admittedly getting a little carried away.

"C'est bonne!" she replied, "but we French have la grande passion for one thing...". (There was a pause.) "Beauté. And that is where your bagage triomphe."

"I likes your vanité caisse, it is très esthétique. Et le 'V.I.P.' weekend bagage. It hold so much, it is...".

"Scandalous!" we obligingly supplied.

For a moment she looked puzzled. Then she threw a knowing femme fatale look, and discreetly changed the subject.

"What I like aussi is your brocart lining. I am thinking, why not I use le brocart of India in my new collection? Only I leave now... but...".

Again the pause.

"But you will love to make all les arrangements for me! Will you not?"

Phrased that way, we had a choice of but two words to reply. We used them both, "Oui! Oui!"

"Merci," she said. And flashing her most radiant smile, she left. Every inch the designing woman she had proclaimed herself to be!

**To protect the privacy of our V.I.P. customers, it has been necessary to conceal their actual identities.*

V.I.P. (Tm)

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WHY NOT TRY ORANGES?

Premila Lal

When planning your daily menus very often it is wiser to be more economical and use fruits and vegetables currently abundant in the market. Oranges are available in plenty now. So why not make the best use of them in your cooking with the various unexpected combinations? Rich in vitamins, iron and calcium they are refreshing any time of the day — at breakfast, lunch or dinner. Makes refreshing milk shakes and the sauce adds a piquant touch to pancakes, meat and chicken dishes.

CREPE SUZETTES

FOR PANCAKES:

2 eggs, separated
2 cups milk
¼ tsp. salt
2 tbsps. castor sugar
1 tsp. grated lemon rind
Butter

FOR SUZETTE SAUCE:

250 grams sugar
4 tbsps. unsalted butter
Juice of 1 orange
3 tbsps. rum
1 tbsp. cointreau
Rind of 1 orange, grated

Put the egg yolks in a mixing bowl and beat well. When creamy, stir in the castor sugar. Now gradually add the milk. Blend well. Add the salt and lemon rind and mix. Beat the egg whites very stiff and fold into the mixture. Heat a frying pan and add a little butter, just enough to grease the bottom of the pan. Pour in just enough batter to get the thinnest coating. Brown pancake lightly on each side. Fold and keep aside.

For the sauce use a chafing-dish, or the top of a double boiler and dissolve the butter, sugar, orange juice and rind. When the sugar has dissolved, add the rum and cointreau. Drop each pancake into the hot sauce and serve very hot. This can also be served with the hot sauce poured over the pancakes.

PRAWNS IN ORANGE BASKETS

½ kg prawns
6 oranges
Juice of 2 lemons
1 cup mayonnaise
Chopped dill
Fresh mint
Salt, pepper, red chilli powder to taste

Cut out the top of oranges. Scoop out the inside. Peel and cut into small pieces. Place a strip of orange peel in the centre to resemble a basket. Meanwhile, boil the prawns with lemon juice and drain. Mix the orange pieces, prawns and mayonnaise and the chopped dill. Season to taste if necessary — Fill

Photograph : Farokh Rao

orange baskets with this mixture and decorate with mint leaves. Mixed fruits with whipped cream can substitute, the prawn mixture. Ideal for a children's party.

CHICKEN IN ORANGE JUICE

1 large chicken
4 cups orange juice
2 tbsps. flour
1 piece cinnamon
4 peppercorns
1 tsp. chilli powder
2 cloves
240 grams butter or ghee
Salt to taste

Joint the chicken and shake each piece, separately in a bag containing the flour, salt, chilli powder and ground peppercorns. Heat the butter and fry the pieces with the cloves and cinnamon. When the chicken is tender pour in the orange juice and stir. Serve hot.

ORANGE COMPOTE

6 oranges
1 cup orange marmalade
1 cup pineapple, crushed
¼ cup rum

Peel the oranges. Cut into segments, discarding seeds. Simmer the marmalade and pineapple for 5 minutes. Add rum, pour over oranges. Chill.

ORANGE CHIFFON PIE

1 cup orange juice
2 egg whites
2 tbsps. lemon juice
1½ tbsps. gelatine
¾ cup cold water
½ cup sugar
Large pinch salt
½ cup whipped cream
1 pie crust, chilled

Keep ready a baked shell of crusty pastry. Soak gelatine in cold water for a few minutes. Pour the orange and lemon juices into a pan and add the salt and half the sugar. Bring to a boil and add the gelatine. Stir until dissolved, then cool. Beat the egg whites stiff and add the whipped cream alternately with the remaining sugar. Pour the mixture into the chilled pastry shell and chill again.

This can be served with whipped cream, or top with whipped cream and orange segments or plain.

ORANGES WITH COINTREAU

4 large oranges, peeled
½ cup sugar
3 eggs
½ cup cream
¼ cup cointreau

Slice oranges thinly and remove pips. Reserve the juice. Place a layer of orange slices at the bottom of a baking dish and sprinkle with just a little sugar. Repeat process until all the slices are used up. Pour the cointreau over oranges and keep in a refrigerator overnight. Pre-heat oven and bring the oranges to room temperature then bake for 20 minutes and remove from oven. Drain juice and mix with reserved juice. Beat the eggs with the cream and remaining sugar until well blended. Add the orange juice. Pour mixture over oranges and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour, uncovered. When the sauce has thickened, remove and serve warm.

HOT ORANGE SOUFFLE

Rind of 2 oranges, grated
4 egg whites
3 egg yolks
30 grams butter
30 grams flour
⅛ litre milk
2 tsps. castor sugar
Icing sugar

Grease a deep ovenproof dish well with butter. Sprinkle a little castor sugar over the butter. Take a strip of paper with a width to stand two inches above the rim of the baking dish. Tie the paper round the edge of the dish so that when the souffle rises it will not spill over the sides. Now grease the inside of the paper too. Melt the butter in a pan and blend in the flour. Add the milk gradually and bring to a boil, stirring constantly. When it thickens, remove from fire and add the grated rinds and sugar. Beat the egg yolks and add gradually to the cooled mixture. Keep beating until well blended. Whisk the egg whites stiff and fold in. Pour the mixture into souffle dish and bake in a moderate oven for about half an hour or until well risen and golden brown on top. Remove and serve immediately with sprinkling of icing sugar.

ORANGE SHERBET ICE

4 tbsps. orange juice
6 tbsps. castor sugar
½ litre milk
Juice of 1 lemon
Sprig of mint

Mix together the orange juice, lemon juice, sugar and milk. Pour into ice tray and freeze until set. Remove and turn into a bowl. Beat well to break up the ice particles. Return to ice trays and freeze again. Serve in ice cream glasses garnished with mint.

ORANGE CREAM PIE

2 cups orange juice
1 tbsp. orange peel, finely grated
2 tbsps. lemon juice
3 eggs yolks
1 cup sugar
¼ tsp. salt
1 tbsp. butter
5 tbsps. cornflour
2 eggs whites
1 orange pie crust with orange juice

Make one shell of standard pie crust but substitute orange juice for water. Bake in the usual way and allow to cool. Mix the cornflour with a little water and some of the orange juice. Mix the orange peel, sugar and salt thoroughly and add the rest of the orange juice. Stir in the cornflour and mix well. Pour into top of double boiler and cook on a gentle heat until the mixture thickens, stirring frequently. Beat the egg yolks and remove pan from heat. Beat the egg yolks into the mixture briskly. Return the pan to boiler and cook stirring constantly. Again remove pan from heat and stir in the butter alternately with the lemon juice. Cool thoroughly and pour into pie shell. Whip the egg whites and cover the pie. Bake in a moderate oven until the meringue is browned and the mixture is well set. Serve cool.

ORANGE MOUSSE

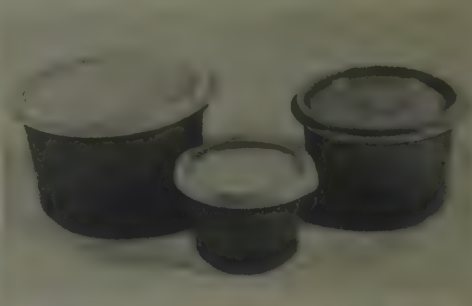
¼ litre orange juice
2 tbsps. orange rind, grated
2 tsps. lemon juice
8 tsps. sugar
1 litre milk
2 egg whites
4 tsps. gelatin
Pinch of salt

Dissolve the gelatin in a little hot water. Mix with orange juice. Add rind, sugar and lemon juice. Stir until sugar dissolves. Add the mixture to the milk, very gradually. Strain and pour into freezing trays. Freeze until sticky. Then beat egg whites and add to the mixture. Beat all well together until the original quantity has doubled. Freeze again.

NEW GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

Prize winners of our Weekly Contest will get in addition to the usual Rs. 50 cash prize,

1) A 3-in-one Storefresh Container from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, Bombay, **2)** A gift Hamper from WEIKFIELD containing Weikfield's Custard Powder, Jelly Crystals, Baking Powder, Variety Custard Powder and Corn flour, **3)** A 1000 ml pack tin of pure Coconut Oil from KMP OIL INDUSTRIES PRIVATE LIMITED and **4)** A book "Delightful Chinese Dishes" by AROONA REEJHSINGHANI.



So, send in your original vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with a coupon to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay — 400 023.

RECIPES FROM OUR READERS

Mrs. Pravin Dhawan, New Delhi.

WHEAT DALIA PULLAO

2 cups wheat dalia
100 grams green peas, shelled
1 potato, medium size
100 grams onions
2 green chillis
100 grams carrots
100 grams French beans
1 bunch coriander leaves
2 tomatoes, medium size
1 tsp. cummin seeds
2 cloves
½" piece of cinnamon (dalchini)
5 tsps. ghee
Salt to taste

Wash the dalia and keep aside. Chop the French beans and carrots into 1" pieces. Cut onions and potato lengthwise. Heat the ghee. Add cummin seeds, cinnamon and cloves. Add vegetables and fry till light brown. Add the dalia and fry. Put salt to taste. Now add 4 cups of water. Boil till nearly done. Put the cut tomatoes and let it simmer. Remove from the fire.

Mrs. Bhupinder Sabharwal, Goa.

ORANGE COOKIES

5 tbsps. flour, sifted
4 tbsps. butter
4 tbsps. sugar
1 tsp. baking powder
1 tbsp. orange rind (powdered) or orange squash
2 eggs
3 tbsps. mixed fruit jam
½ cup water
50 grams dessicated coconut
50 grams dry cherries
A pinch of salt
Kulfi moulds

Beat the butter and sugar to a creamy consistency. Add the eggs gradually and beat till well blended. Sift flour, baking powder, salt and the powdered rind together. Add this to the creamy mixture. Finally, add one table spoon of ice-cold water.

Grease the kulfi moulds and put the mixture in them, filling two-thirds in each mould. Preheat the oven and let the filled moulds stand on a baking tray and bake them for 10 minutes or till they become golden brown. Remove and keep aside for cooling.

Mix the jam in a half cup of water and put it on a slow fire to boil. Remove when well mixed and cool. Take the cookies out of the moulds gently, when cool. Temper them to equal size. Dip them lightly in the jam mixture and roll in the dessicated coconut. Top each with a piece of cherry. Set in a plate to serve.

WEEKLY WINNER

GRACY VARKEY, Goa.

Miss Varkey wins Rs. 50/- for this week's best recipe plus a 3-in-one Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Weikfield, a 1000 ml. coconut oil tin from KMP Oil Industries, Cochin and a book by Aroona Reejhsinghani.

RICE PELLETS WITH MEAT

½ kg meat
4 cups rice flour
½ tsp. cummin seeds
10 cloves garlic
A small pinch of turmeric powder
A pinch chilli powder
6 whole black pepper
1 tsp. coriander powder
2¾ inch piece cinnamon
1 coconut
Salt to taste

Grind the cummin and garlic to a fine paste. Divide into 2 portions and keep aside. Grind the other masala, together. Keep them aside. Cut meat into small pieces. Add the above ground masala and salt to taste. Cook till done adding enough water, so that 1 cup of gravy is left, after cooking.

Scrape half of the coconut. Add a tablespoon of water and extract thick milk. To this milk, add one half of the ground cummin and garlic paste and keep aside. Extract milk from half the coconut 4 times, each time adding two cups of water. Scrape finely the other half of the coconut. Mix this with the rice flour and the other half of ground cummin and garlic paste with salt to taste. Add water and knead well. Make pellets (small balls of about ½ inch size) out of this dough. Put the pellets onto paper sprinkled with a little rice flour so that they do not stick together. Put the cooked meat with gravy into the dekchi. Add the eight cups of coconut milk and bring to a boil. Reduce fire. Put the rice pellets into this boiling mixture, a handful at a time and spread evenly. Do not stir. Cover and cook for 7 minutes. Remove and add the thick coconut milk and continue boiling till the gravy thickens.

COOKERY CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT

New Scheme For the Monthly Cookery Queen Contest

All cookery contestants for the Monthly Cookery Queen Contest will have to send in their recipe — non-vegetarian or vegetarian according to the subjects specified for each month. We give below subjects for the coming three months to enable you to send in your entries well in advance.

April, 1979
BAKED PUDDINGS

May, 1979
MUSHROOM DELICACIES

June, 1979
CURRY SPECIALITIES

All entries for April should reach us latest by March 10. May entries by April 10, and June entries by May 10.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

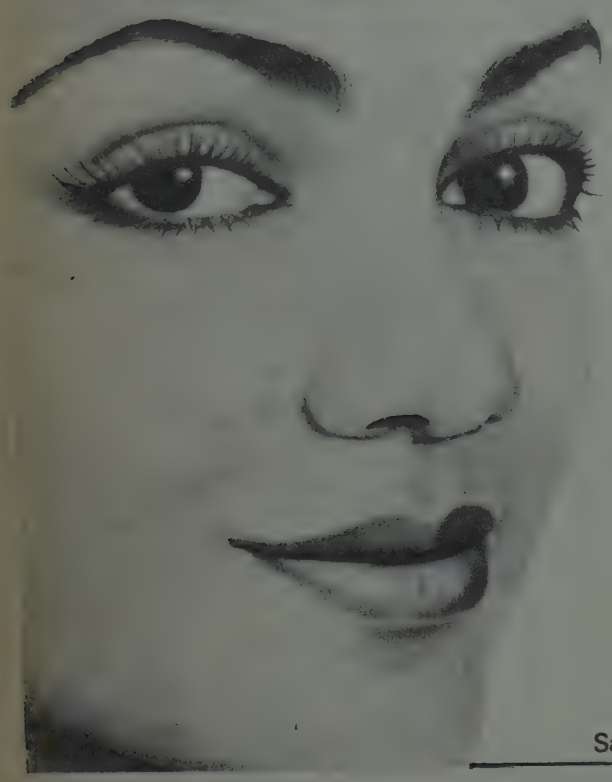
Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.
2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.
3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

If a tired, unhealthy complexion greets you each morning...

it's because of impure, unhealthy blood.



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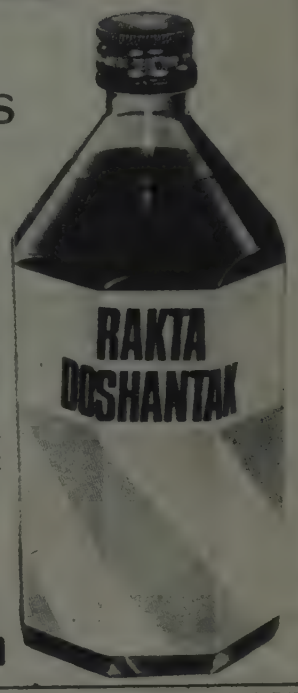

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Continued from page 13.

workload; the stall-holders did not co-operate and continued to throw dirt on the pathways.

Stall-holders had their side of the story. They are allowed to keep baskets on the paths for some non-peak hours to off-load and sort the foodstuffs. However, it was found that the baskets were not removed during the peak hours. When asked to explain, they stated that because their entire consignment arrived in one lot and consumer off-take could not be sudden, it was not possible to keep all the baskets or cases within their stalls (most of the markets do not even have similar facility). The fine is Rs. 10 per basket lying on a path. It was found that invariably the vendor instead paid in kind, i.e., fruits or vegetables, to the enforcement staff. Further probing revealed that an average shopkeeper thus gave away Rs. 10 to Rs. 12 worth of produce every week. Stall-holders also complained that while the charge or "nauker nama" for his labourer was Rs. 2, he was charged as much as Rs. 13 but got a receipt for Rs. 2 only.

Beggar Nuisance

Then the shopper's basket carriers or "pattivalas" had their tale of woe. According to them, they are to pay Rs. 1.25 for a number-bearing badge; but there exists no proper system of issue nor checking of identities or enforcement of wearing the badge with the result that a few bad characters have infiltrated as pattivalas.

Regarding the leper and beggar nuisance, the stock answer of officers is that the markets have so many entrances and exits that it is difficult to control entry.

As for the cleaning and washing of the markets and surrounding pavements, the authorities claimed that they were washed every evening. However, stall-holders and pattivalas stated that they are rarely washed.

When an officer was asked how many prosecutions or other corrective actions had been taken against various offenders, his reply was that there was no need really for this as due warnings against complaints were conveyed, decomposed foodstuffs were in fact confiscated and destroyed, and that served as deterrents to others. Further, because consumers, sellers and municipal staff have to interact daily, it is preferable to resolve matters amicably — a court case is too complicated and time-consuming.

If the authorities are serious in their intention to serve shoppers, they should, for example, spring surprise checks. Usually, when an officer is to inspect a market the word somehow reaches the vendors well before, so that the market is spick and span when he arrives. They should carry out regular surprise inspections and testing of the meat and fish sections. They should also service consumers through measures such as fixing charges for pattivalas, ensure that they wear their badges and arrange for prominent price boards (with separate prices for each grade).

Education for sellers and buyers

It is obvious that several unhygienic practices are the consequence of sheer ignorance. For instance, a shopkeeper who indiscriminately spurts paan juice, blows his nose or washes foodware in dirty water is first of all not really aware of the annoyance and hazards. Secondly, he does not know how to correct himself.

This is the area where the Public Health Dept. and municipal authorities must step in. They must educate and inform the sellers on the dangers of unclean personal and other practices, impose fines and offer solutions (e.g. to keep flies away, cover edible items with screens; provide spitoons for paan chewers; dustbins for garbage and so on).

Similarly, the public must be informed about the evils of spitting, throwing garbage from windows, etc. At the outbreak of an epidemic, the public must be educated promptly on what action and precautions to take.

Consumer Action

To begin with, all of us should make some effort to keep our own environment clean. Purchasers must utilise facilities such as free weighing services — and report short weights. Complaints lodged must be followed through. Consumers should not be complacent or cynical. Action is effective; concerted action of a group, however small, even more so. One must seek consumer representation on ward and market committees — both have this provision.

It is vital that everyone concerned — consumers, sellers and the authorities — gets together as partners in this worthy effort to make our markets healthy and presentable.

SEWAGE ON HOME TAP

Continued from page 19

chlorination does not destroy the hepatitus virus. This can only be combated by boiling drinking water for 15 minutes.

What about the majority of Bombayites who cannot afford the kerosene or gas to do that?

It is the duty of the municipal authorities to provide us with pure drinking water. Section 261 of Chapter X of the BMC Act, dealing with water supply, says: "For the purpose of providing Greater Bombay with a supply of water proper and sufficient for public and private purposes the Commissioner, when authorized by the Corporation ..., may — a) construct and maintain waterworks, ... and do any other necessary acts ..."

Section 270 A says that premises are not to be occupied unless the occupants get a certificate from the Commissioner saying that "there is provided within, or within a reasonable distance of, the premises a supply of pure water to the persons intending to occupy or use such premises."

Bombay draws most of its drinking water from the lakes on its outskirts. But what about the water in our rivers and in the sea, which may not be used for drinking purposes (though that is a debatable point)?

"Not one of our rivers is pure," according to a water analyst of NEERI. In 1977, the Maharashtra Government was forced to declare the coast from Colaba to Mahim a contaminated area. Because of the layer of oil spread out near Butcher Island, if ever a ship catches fire near the Island, the fire could spread throughout Bombay harbour. A public health engineer has calculated that it will take over 100 years to clean up the area.

The Mahim coral reef has almost been finished off. A coral reef takes almost 100 years to grow even an inch upwards, and is found only in tropical and sub-tropical marshes. The Swedes are even building artificial reefs. But our natural reef has been destroyed by the effluents from Dharavi creek and by the reclamation of the Bandra-Kurla marshes.

The Mahim Creek is in no better state. Once the only green patch between North and South Bombay, it is now a foul-smelling breeding ground for mosquitoes. The Mahim river maintained a certain level of salinity in the creek which kept the mosquitoes out. Evergreen mangrove plants used to flourish in the creek, preventing soil erosion by the river when in high tide. Their leaves used to provide tannin, a dye used by fishermen for their nets.

All this has changed. The course of the river has been changed by a whole lot of construction, which makes it seem like that's the only place available to our city authorities.

The Bandra-Dharavi link road and the drive-in theatre built at the mouth of the river, have narrowed down the entrance of the river into the creek, thus reducing the creek's salinity and attracting mosquitoes. The Tansa water pipeline, the Central Railway line, the Vaitarna line, the CIDCO, the BMC and the Maharashtra Housing Board have together reduced the area of the river and altered its course.

The creek receives **328 million litres** of waste matter from domestic sewage and 21.15 million litres of liquid industrial waste **every day.** Organic matter from the sewage consumes oxygen from the water, making it poisonous and smelly. This also reduces the number of fish which can survive in it. The suspended solid matter in it leads to breathing difficulties in fish. Experiments with fish have shown that under such conditions, fish die within three to six hours!

A private firm which carried out a study into the water pollution in Mahim creek, has recommended that effluents (liquid domestic and industrial wastes) should not be allowed to flow into the creek. After sewage is treated, it should be diverted into the sea. This proposal is being considered by the BMC which has only two sewage treatment plants, at Dadar and Thane, where sewage is stripped of its poisonous elements and rendered harmless.

Mahim Creek used to attract large numbers of migratory birds, and is the site for a proposed bird sanctuary. The World Wildlife Fund-India has even set up hideouts for bird-watchers. But it can only become a full-fledged santuary if the BMC and the Bombay Metropolitan Region Development Authority (BMRDA) act upon the advice which experts have given them.

Just outside Bombay, residents of Ambarnath live in fear of the Minamata disease, which crippled and killed Japanese children in the sixties. The disease causes severe brain damage and death in children, and is caused by water being polluted by mercury. The Kalu river,

Continued on page 47

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IN THE INTERNATIONAL YEAR OF THE CHILD IT IS ONLY RIGHT THAT CHILDREN HAVE THEIR SAY. AS A STARTER WE ANNOUNCED A CONTEST THAT WOULD GET KIDS TO THINK AND WRITE ABOUT LESS FORTUNATE FELLOW KIDS — LITTLE BEGGARS AND THE CHILDREN OF SERVANTS. THE ESSAYS THAT CAME IN REVEALED VIVID IMAGINATIONS AS WELL AS A LOT OF FEELING. HERE ARE THE PRIZE-WINNERS AND SOME OF THE OTHERS

FIRST PRIZE

A Day In My Life As A Beggar Child

I open my eyes and see the bright rays of the sun. I turn on my side, to hide the sunlight and sleep a little longer. The pavement on which I sleep is hard and dirty. But I don't care, because my clothes and face are dirtier. Soon my stomach starts grumbling and crying for food.

I sit up and look around. My mother sitting with my three small brothers who are all crying, tells me to go and beg for my tea.

I wipe my sleepy eyes, and rush to the early morning office goers, begging for 5 paise at least. Some look sadly at me, others shoo me away while some tell me to work. By 10 a.m. I have collected 12 paise.

If I go to my mother, she will take it away. Instead I will buy some lovely red sweets in a bottle.

Now, not only my stomach is paining, but also my head. I am so hungry. I should have brought bread instead of these six small sweets.

What should I do? My stomach is paining. Close by in a kachra dump some dogs are there. What are they eating? I too will get something there. After searching I get some chickoo skins, also some parts of bad eaten apple. I am also a little lucky to get a bone with some meat on it.

I feel satisfied and go back to my mother. My small brothers are still crying. My mother asks me for some money. I say I have none. She beats me very badly.

I run away. My body is paining with the beating. I drink some water and sleep under a staircase.

When I open my eyes it is dark. I am frightened I must go back to my mother. But I am also hungry.

Again the stomach ache starts, and slowly the head pain also. Let me try the kachra bin again.

SANJAY D'CUNHA
8 years

SECOND PRIZE

A Day In My Life As A Beggar Child

MY little sister and myself huddled together in the cold morning. Big drops of rain fell on us. Mosquitoes were biting us and we cried silently. Timidly Kala said "I am hungry brother." We had shared half a bun between us yesterday morning and had had nothing since then.

I went to a near-by tea shop to beg for something. The man there shooed me away and drank his cup of tea with relish. I came back to Kala too weak for words. I sighed and thought "God! do you exist at all. Why should you make only me and Kala poor and to wander the streets seeking love and affection."

A few people who passed by dropped a few paisas. We bought ourselves a cup of tea and sat in sorrow. The night came on and we lay close together. Sleep slowly overcame us and thus one more day was behind us.

C. SRIKANTH
8 years

THIRD PRIZE

A Day In My Life As A Beggar Child

OH God why did you send me to a life so dark and mother so poor! Please dear God save us and give us some joy and sunshine.

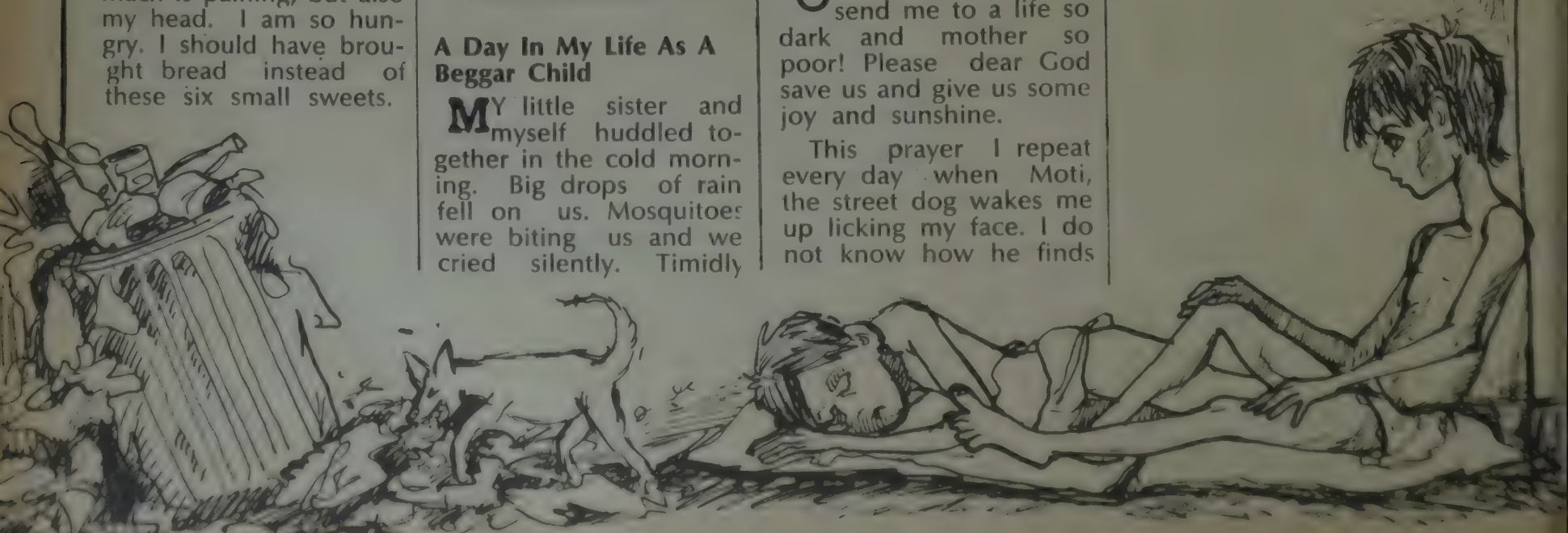
This prayer I repeat every day when Moti, the street dog wakes me up licking my face. I do not know how he finds which side is my face because I am like a tight bundle sleeping on the pavement covered with a torn gunny bag smelling of onions. My mother had to spend half of her savings for buying it from Kalu Dada who is the Dada of our area. I feel even Moti is cleaner than me because he is a dog and can lick himself clean. But my clothes are sticky with dirt, sweat and dust and I have never changed them. I feel I was born in them.

Every morning we start walking and we keep walking, begging and crying, asking for money and food.

We are like flies and keep going after people till they shoo us away.

Sometimes someone does give us a penny or two. By the night we have some little pieces of food and a few paisas. But I am always hungry, always cold and always unhappy. I cry and my mother cries and we both sit and cry.

NANDINI AGARWALA
10 years



FIRST PRIZE

My Servant's Children

I watch her everyday. She comes with her mother to work. Her mother beats her for the smallest thing. She plays in the mud. I feel very bad when I see her playing with match boxes and torn card board boxes. One day I gave her an empty powder tin. She tied a string on it and pulled it on the road. When the tin made "katakata" sound she was very happy.

During Deevali my mother gave her a frock and some sweets. Even true the frock was old she was overjoyed she had a frock for herself. Sometimes she looks very sad. But she also laughs very easily. She cannot read or write. I gave her a pencil and tried to teach her 1,2,3. She did not know what to do. She kept on biting it. But when I play cinema records she enjoys them so much I wish she would be happy like this always.

KRISHNAA SWAMINATHAN
7 years

SECOND PRIZE

My Servant's Children

RADHA is my servants daughter. She is my age. When I and my friends play in the garden, Radha likes tc join us but she is not allowed nor am I allowed to play with her because mummy says I will pick up bad habits from her and Radha's mother wants Radha to work.

Radha sometimes hangs my school bag on her shoulders pretending to be a school girl like me. She told me that she likes to go to school like me, but her mummy makes her work.

Once she was badly hurt on her leg but her mother brought her to work the very next day. Radha had to work with all the pain.

I wonder why Radha can't play and enjoy like me. Why can't Radha go to school like me and why isn't she fussed over like my parents, sisters and servants fuss over me when I am just a little sick? It puzzles me and I am unhappy for Radha.

MANGALA RAO
9 years

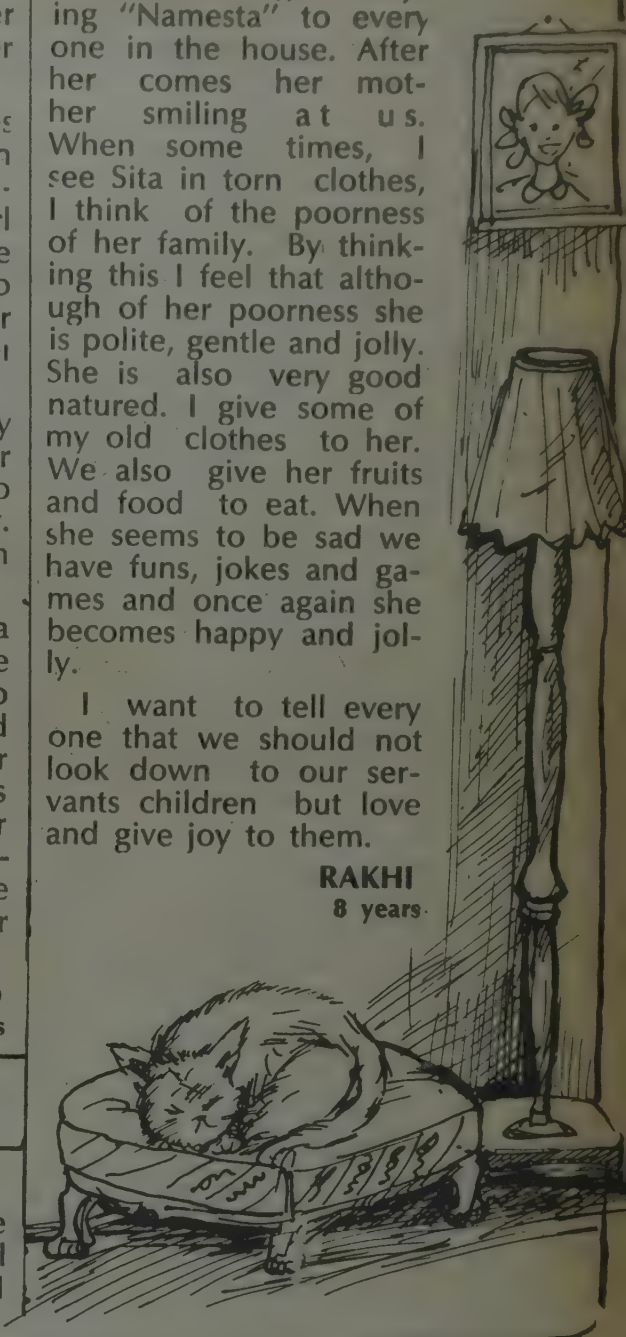
THIRD PRIZE

My Servant's Child

I always wait in the morning for the bell to ring at my door. As I hear it I run to the door to open it. As I open I see Sita coming in saying "Namesta" to every one in the house. After her comes her mother smiling at us. When some times, I see Sita in torn clothes, I think of the poorness of her family. By thinking this I feel that although of her poorness she is polite, gentle and jolly. She is also very good natured. I give some of my old clothes to her. We also give her fruits and food to eat. When she seems to be sad we have funs, jokes and games and once again she becomes happy and jolly.

I want to tell every one that we should not look down to our servants children but love and give joy to them.

RAKHI
8 years



A Day In My Life As A Beggar Child

LAST year I was studying in 1st Std. When we had our Anniversary day our class was to perform a drama for the day. I was given the act of a beggar girl in the drama. Our miss put on the torn dresses on me and told me that I should walk on the stage without chappals. So I was practising myself to walk like a beggar and to shout out "any rags, any bread, have pity on me a poor beggar girl."

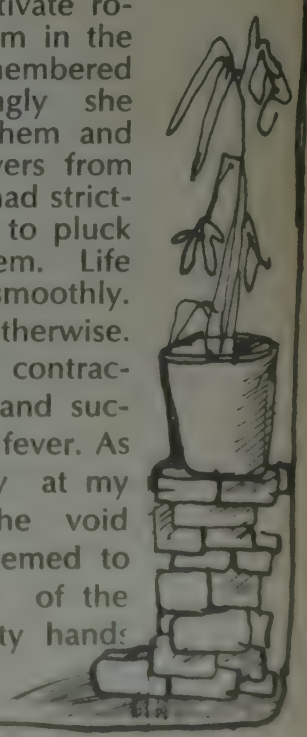
But when I entered the stage I acted alright and had a good appreciation also. But I wiped my mouth now and then as I used to do with my hanky. I heard some body murmured something, immediately there came the roar of laughter among the audience. I thought I am doing something wrong. I turned back to the prompter sister. Sr. Pomilla gave a sign that I should throw away my hanky. Suddenly I remembered that a beggar girl will not carry a hanky. Promptly I tied my hanky on my leg and said 'any rag, any medicine for my wound', I shouted which were not my dialogue. Again a roar of laughter hit the roof of our auditorium. I cannot imagine a beggar girl without a hanky even.

SUGANDHI RAMASWAMI
New Delhi

A Day In My Life As A Beggar Child

THE sun shone brightly on me. Feeling tired I lay down on the pavement. Even nature had no pity on me.

I recalled the good days when we were a peaceful family. My father used to work as a waiter in a nearby, modest hotel. My mother was a nurse in the local hospital. She used to come late at night and put me to bed. My mother used to cultivate roses and sell them in the market. I remembered how painstakingly she would water them and cut wilted flowers from the plants. She had strictly forbaden me to pluck any one of them. Life was running smoothly. But fate willed otherwise. Both my parents contracted small pox and succumbed to high fever. As I stared blankly at my parent's pyre the void future slowly seemed to take the form of the long, bloodthirsty hands of fate.



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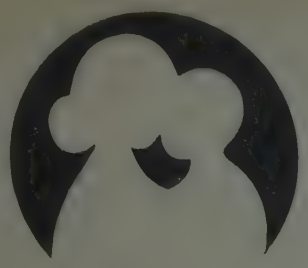


A Day In My Life As A Beggar Child

Now I had no one the call my own in the big wide world. Since then I had learnt to live like the thousands of destitute orphans in our country. I had to beg for my living.

A sharp nudge on my arm broke me from my reverie. A policeman hurled me to my feet and shouted, "the pavement is not meant for you to sleep on, Get Out." Sighing deeply I ventured gingerly across the street.

It was then that I became aware of a voice that surpassed the honks of the traffic. "You foolish boy, move aside." I turned around and what I saw chilled the blood in my veins. A car was speedily rushing towards me. The driver was frantically trying to press the jammed brake. I was paralysed with fear. Drops of sweat ran down my face.

Just as I thought it would hit me the car stopped. A well dressed man got down from it and glared at me from the corner of his eye. He caught me by the ear and marched with me across the street. Once we were safely across he gave me a good beating, and left me crying there.

It was only after the man had left that I felt the pangs of hunger stinging my stomach.

I stumbled to a nearby house and knocked at the door. A lady opened the door but when I told her that I needed food the door slammed shut on my face. I knocked at many houses but none was willing to give me food.

Then I saw the dustbin. I strode up to it and eagerly leafed through its contents. I found a half eaten chapati and thanking God all the while I ate it.

But a mere chapati could not satisfy my ravenous hunger. I emptied the contents of the dustbin but couldn't find anything else. I looked all over the district but found none. Tired I strode to a nearby temple and sat there.

I noticed a man buying cigarattes from a shop. As the man opened his wallet to pay for the cigarattes I saw a thick wad of notes. Greed overcame me. I ran to him and snatched his purse and ran away under his very nose. The man shouted, "thief, thief."

A policeman who was strolling nearby caught sight of me and began to chase me. Inch by inch he began to close in on me. My heart began to beat louder with every step. I took the inevitable which could not be postponed.

I tripped over a stone and fell down. The policeman caught me and took me to the police station.

There the jailor roughly pushed me to my prison cell and turned the key. An owl hooted disturbing the stillness of the night. I found myself staring at the empty, void future through the rigid iron bars of my prison cell. What did the future hold for me?

S. SAIGIRI

A Day In My Life As A Beggar Child

IN our club we decided that anyone can dress up like a beggar and beg. Winner was promised a gift, I took up the challenge. I wore torn clothes and went to beg. First house the lady slammed the door. I was sad. Pangs of hunger made me go to the next house. A man came out and kicked me. Next house lady threw me a stale chapati. The smell made me vomit. When I realised that beggars only eat this, I ate it. The next door man gave me five paise. After much begging, I got one rupee, later gift also from the club. Both I decided to donate to the beggars. Even one day made me tired and sad. I thought how miserable and difficult was it to be a beggar child. I prayed to God. Let there not be any more beggars in the world.

ANONYMOUS

The pathetic cry of a small boy, sent to us by his teacher He doesn't want a prize for the 'true' essay. He just wants his Mummy to read it, wherever she is.

A Day In My Life As a Beggar Child

I am not a born beggar nor an orphan. Rather I belong to a very rich family.

My papa is mentally unfit. I still remember how hard he would hit my mummy. I never had his love. Mummy loved me extremely and wept quietly.

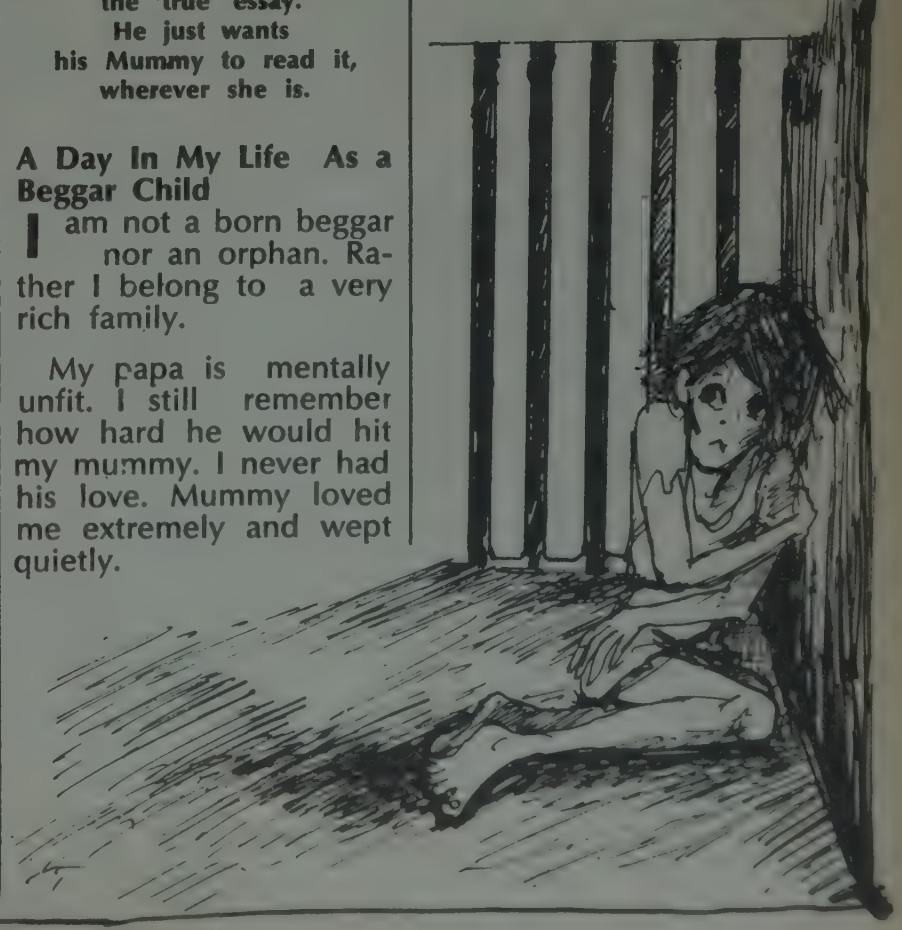
One day she got tired of my papa's lashings and she left for my nanny's place. Two years are gone — she never came back. Perhaps she thought — I am now grown up I read in class V. She left me at the mercy of my uncle and aunty.

In these two years i have been like a beggar in my own house. My mummy kept the fridge full of choclates, cakes and pastries for me. Now I had to look at my aunty's face when she gave sweets to her sons. She always locked the fridge.

One day she bought two ice creams for her sons. I couldn't resist and began to cry. I wanted to have the ice-cream at any cost. I stretched my hands, with tears in my eyes. I sobbed, "aunty, please for Gods love — buy me an ice-cream". I was begging. My heart cried, "Mummy, come back."

Please never rebuke a beggar. They also have a heart. I can never forget that painful day when I had become a pauper from a prince.

Rahul



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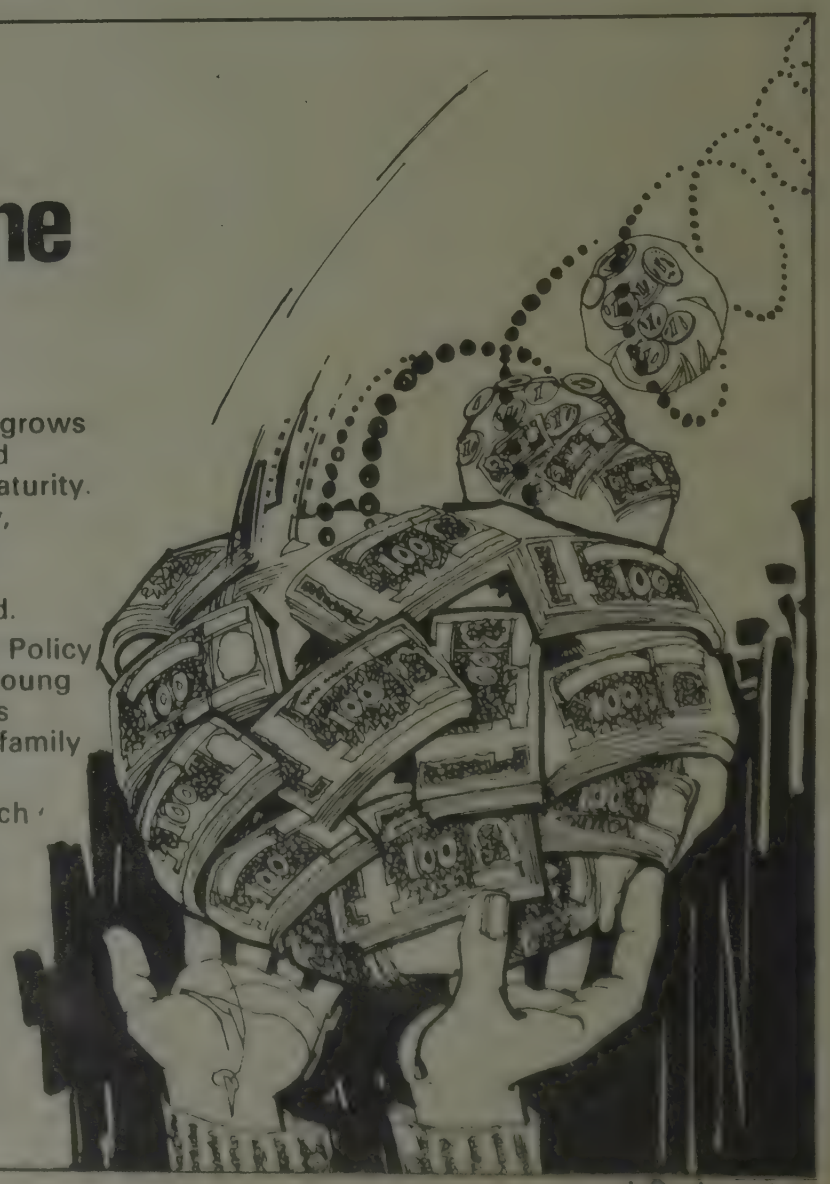

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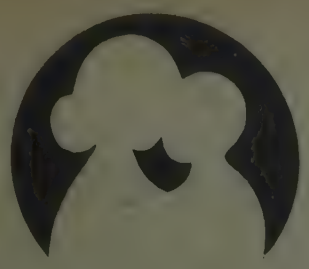

My Servant's Children

MY servants name is Parvati. She has six daughters. Their names are Chhaya, Vijaya, Sureka, Usha, Shaila and Pushpa. She works very hard to give them nice things. But her husband drinks and beats the children sometimes. She sends them to the Marathi school. When she comes to work, she locks the youngest baby Pushpa in her hut.

One rainy day while going to school, she was carrying my 5 year old brother Anurudh I asked her as to why she was carrying such a big boy. She said she wanted a small boy like him, but she has only girls. On Sundays the big girls come to my house to watch T.V. When the younger ones come they play with my toys, so my brother and myself get angry with them. But my mummy and my Sunday School teacher told us to be kind to the poor children, for they too are children of God.

ANIBEL LOMELO
7½ years
Bombay

My Servant's Children

WE have 2 servants. Their names are Ganpat and Ramji. Ganpat has 2 children, a boy and a girl. Both are married. The boy has got 3 children and the girl 2.

Ramji is our driver and is a very hot tempered fellow. He works in Sikkim House also and comes late in the night. He has 3 children a boy and 2 girls. Their names are Shanti, Santlal and Sunita. Shanti is going to be married in January. Santlal is a very intelligent boy. He makes me huts out of tea packages. I fly kites and play lots of other games with him. One day when he was playing a car came and hit him, he was taken to the hospital and a plaster was put around his leg. After a month his plaster was opened. Now he goes to school but still limps. I trouble his sister Sunita very much but now she has become very bold and calls me names!

I am extremely fond of my servant's children.

GAUTAM SAXENA,
8 years
New Delhi

My Servant's Children

MY servants children are very, very poor. They don't have proper food to eat. They do not have any water to drink. Their father is a nasty bad man. He does not work somewhere and make his family happy. The children's mother is working in three houses and is a good lady. Their mother's name is Shankrama. The eldest one is five years old, and the youngest one is two years old. The children were going to have one brother, but it died. The children suffer because of their father. Their father is beating them every now and then. They often have to suffer. They have no end to their poverty. My parent's help them in their difficulties. Because of their father their life is become miserable and unhappiness. My wish is that they should be educated and at the moment, I pray for them.

APARNA SHENAI,
Bombay

BEAUTY BULLETIN

THICK LOWER LIP

I have attractive features and fair complexion. My only problem is my lower lip which is thick. Can I do anything about it? What lipstick should I apply?

B. B. (Jullunder)

Your lower lip can be made to look thinner with deft application of foundation. Before applying lipstick, smooth a foundation over the lower rim of the lip and powder. Then using a lip pencil draw an outline within the natural lipline, to make your lip seem thinner.

You should use soft, clear shades rather than strident colours.

CRACKED HEELS

SUITABLE HAIRSTYLES

My face is triangular in shape. I have tried several hairstyles but none seem to suit me. I have short hair, please suggest a suitable style for me. Also for those who wear glasses.

S. P. (Bombay)

You have a wide jaw and chin and a narrow forehead. You should have added width at the brows with a style that lifts hair at the temples, curves it around the brow in soft, wide arcs. Avoid full, swinging strands that focus attention on the wide jawline; also straight, severe styles.

Girls who wear glasses should avoid heavy fringes and hanging strands around the cheeks, which give a cluttered look. Smoothly groomed off-the-forehead styles are best.

SCRUBBING WILL HELP

I am quite tall therefore I avoid wearing heels. As I wear chappals most of the time, the skin round my heels has become hard and cracked. Any remedy?

C. V. D. (Ahmedabad)

At bathtime scrub your heels well, using a stiff brush and soap lavishly. Then rub with a pumice stone to remove rough, scaly skin. Wash well and dry.

Before you retire, rub a mixture of vaseline and juice of lemon on the heels to soften them. You can use castor oil too. Follow this routine for a few weeks till you see results.

TRY THESE EXERCISES

I am on the plump side. I have tried dieting but I just cannot get rid of the extra fat. I feel this is a hereditary trait. Please suggest some exercises to reduce hips and buttocks.

Could you tell me what types of clothes are suitable for me.

E. H. (Bangalore)

Since you are plump you should wear clothes having vertical stripes/trims and V-neckline. Horizontal patterns will make you look shorter. Large prints and bright colours are not for you, also wide skirts and belts.

You should have a high hairstyle that adds to your height.

Here are some exersises for hips and buttocks.

1. Stand behind a chair and place your hands on the chair back, bending one knee. Then kick that leg back and up as far as possible, arching back as you do so. Repeat five times with each leg.

2. Lie on the floor on one side, rolling hips so that the tummy is towards the floor but not touching it. Keeping leg straight, raise it up and back, as high as you can, and move it in small circles — five one way, five other. Turn and repeat with the other leg.

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SEWAGE ON HOME TAP

Continued from page 38

which flows through Ambarnath and Ulhasnagar, collects effluents from the Dharamsi Morarji Chemical Co., Ion Exchange and Albright Morarji & Pandit factories, besides several small chemical units. The Kalu contains concentrations of mercury and lead, and even the fish in it contain mercury.

Why should we have to live in such conditions? It is the State's responsibility to ensure a healthy environment for its citizens. The Maharashtra Government has set up the Maharashtra Prevention of Water Pollution Board which collects data and gives industries permits to discharge effluents under specific limits. These have to be renewed every two years—each industry has to comply with the Board's specifications within that time. But, as could be expected, this period can be extended at the Board's discretion.

But in the eight years since it started, the Board has been able to make only a few industries set up water treatment plants. In the first three years, it granted 600 permits and prosecuted hardly six units! (It can cut off water supply as a punishment.)

The cost of a water treatment plant is just Rs. 5 lakhs. Surely the big companies that dominate New Bombay can afford that much! But our goverment, instead of enforcing this strictly, makes a farce of it by imposing a penalty of **only Rs. 1,000** and/or three months' imprisonment.

All these are only halfhearted measures. If the government were seriously concerned about our health, it would not hesitate to spend as much as is required (and make the industries share the cost) to set up more sewage treatment plants, to overhaul the entire water supply and sewage system, to set up more water projects so that all residents of Bombay can get sufficient water everyday instead of only a select few.

But a long-term measure, and the only one that will prevent further pollution, is to immediately stop all expansion of industry anywhere in or near Bombay. (Two-thirds of the industrial units in Maharashtra are located in and around Bombay.) Similarly, there should be no more building activity in South Bombay, which is served at the cost of the rest of the city.

J. P.

ANSWERS TO EVE'S WEEKLY QUIZ CONTEST 19

1. Ra Shalom.
2. Himansu Rai, distinguished film-maker.
3. Napoleon Bonaparte.
4. On the moon. They are lunar craters.
5. John Dryden.
6. E. V. Ramaswamy Naicker.
8. January 15.
7. Amrita Pritam.
9. Vishwa Hindi Darshan.
10. Birds.
11. Work.
12. Rhebus is pictorial.

This week too none of our readers was able to send in an all-correct solution. The prize amount of Rs. 50 will once again be carried forward, so that the winner of Quiz 20 will get a bumper prize of Rs. 200. Come on, readers, pull out your encyclopaedias and have a go. It's not a difficult quiz.

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WOMEN IN SPORT

Our sportswomen need and deserve more attention and encouragement than they get. We do our bit on this page.

ATHLETES IN TOP FORM

Shirish Nadkarni

Kerala currently has the distinction of producing some of the best woman athletes in India. Leading the field of record-breakers at the recent National Games at Hyderabad was one of India's two heroines at the recent Asian Games, **Angel Mary Joseph.** The tall, slim girl, who had stunned everyone then by bagging the pentathlon silver medal, and later the long jump as well, took three individual titles and aided two relay squads to gold medals.

Apart from the two events in which she had excelled at the Asiad, Angel Mary took the hurdles in fine style to erase a record that had stood in the name of **Manjit Walia** for nine long years. Her long jump performance at Hyderabad did not cross the six-metre mark, as at Bangkok, but then she was hardly challenged, and finished well ahead of the rest of the competitors. She also strode smoothly in the 100 metres and 400 metres relay races to record the finest all-round performance of the Games.

Not far behind her was junior **P. T. Usha,** who notched a hat-trick of wins. Her 100 metres timing of 12.5 seconds is worthy of mention, as is her breaking in the semi-final of the 200 metres record, held earlier by **Merlyn Fernandes.** However, **Judith,** Merlyn's younger sister, made sure that the record remained within the family by going all-out in the finals of the same event. Judith generated such speed in the first 100 metres itself that she stumbled at the turn because of the momentum, and would have fallen. The St. Anne's schoolgirl salvaged some pride for Bombay by beating Usha to second place.

The third Kerala girl to come through with flying colours was **Padmini Thomas.** She torpedoed an eight-year-old mark, set by that maestro of Indian women's athletics, **Kamaljit Sandhu,** in 1971, for the 400-metre round of the stadium. A few weeks earlier, Padmini had set new records in the Inter-University Athletic Championships at Trichur, cracking the 200 and 400 metre marks.

Yet another Kerala girl who set the stadium roaring was Susamma. She

Photographs: S. Nadkarni

Ameeta Kulkarni

LEFT: Radhika Bose

MEETING AMREETA AHLUWALIA

The most exciting name in Indian tennis today is Amreeta Ahluwalia. The teenager from Tamil Nadu is the reigning national women's singles tennis champion and heir-apparent to Nirupama Mankad's throne on the sub-continent.

The second year Economics Student of Ethiraj College, Madras, will turn nineteen in October this year, as she plays her sixth year of tennis. Born at Patiala but bred in the South, Amreeta retains a lot of her native Punjabi robustness. "I'm half a Sardarni actually; my grandfather was a full-fledged Sardar!" is her explanation.

This 5' 4" girl first stepped into the limelight in the 1974 Inter-State Women's Championships, which was her first big tournament. She knocked out Bengal's Anjali Banaik, then ranked India No. 2 among the juniors, in straight sets. She was beaten in the finals by the national champ Susan Sinclair-Jones; and that was the only time that she lost to that player. In 1976, she bagged the national junior title at a canter.

Amreeta came within a heartbeat of taking the women's national title in 1977-78 when she held match-point against Niru. She hit the point out wildly in her anxiety to put the finishing touches, and the wily Niru did not give her another chance in that encounter. Amreeta's current record against

held off a strong challenge to win the 1,500 metres, in the process wiping from the national record books the name of Bangkok gold medallist **Geeta Zutshi.**

Our women athletes really seem to have come of age after that shot in the arm provided at Bangkok with the capture of one gold and three silver medals. It is heartening to note that most of the promising track and field stars are still in their teens, and have a long and exciting career ahead of them. Girls like **Bakhtawar Khambatta,** who is a powerhouse in the shot put, should concentrate seriously on their athletic career.

* * *

Four-times national badminton champion **Ami Ghia** was perhaps the saddest person at the end of the recent Nationals at Udaipur. For the second year in succession, she was losing by a single point in the final to her partner and arch-rival on the domestic scene, **Kanwal Thakur Singh** of Punjab, despite beating her comprehensively in the team event.

Certainly the most delicate stroke-maker in Indian badminton today, and endowed with perhaps the shrewdest badminton brain among the women, Ami lacks the strength and punch to finish off a rally, and also to last out in a long-drawn-out encounter. The well-built Kanwal has these qualities, and also chases the bird for all she is worth. She won at 12-11 after Ami had made a fantastic rally from 0-10.

Ami, who sprang into prominence on the national scene in the early seventies by accounting for the then national champion Shobha Moorthy, is only 23, Kanwal is a year older. Between the two of them, they dominate the domestic scene. The two had pooled their talents at the Commonwealth Games at Canada a few months ago to bag India's first-ever badminton ladies' bronze medal.

As on the athletics scene, there are a few exciting juniors who are making their presence felt at the senior level. Maharashtra's **Ameeta Kulkarni,** at 16, is a gifted player. She believes in hitting the bird hard, and possesses the stamina to last a gruelling match. Sub-junior **Radhika Bose,** a never-say-die chaser of the shuttle, has made positive dents in the senior ranks through the season. Bengal's petite **Madhumita Goswami** is another sub-junior who has already stunned some of the top women.

Badminton standards in India are not yet comparable even to the Asian women's standards. But if these juniors are coached abroad, and permitted to play the Asian and European circuits regularly, we could soon challenge the best in the continent.

* * *

The fifth National women's cricket championships at Ambala and the fourth football women's national at Calicut proved that women's participation in these games in the country has come to stay. On the cricket field,

Photograph: RIO

Judith Fernandes winning the 200 metres.

West Bengal asserted their team supremacy for the fourth time, while **Fowzieh Khalili,** turning out for Tamil Nadu, wielded the willow well on her way to an undefeated century in the semi-finals. Fowzieh has played for India against the visiting Australian women's team a year ago.

In soccer, it was Bengal again, taking on traditional rivals Goa for the third successive year. These two soccer-mad states dominate Indian soccer even among the men. Last year's result was reversed when Bengoal knocked out Goa this time.

The Karnataka, Chandigarh and Kerala football teams were guilty of most rowdy behaviour. Fists and teeth were freely used, with the result that the Kerala captain **Teresa Rosario** was suspended from the game for a year!

Niru is: played six times, lost on four occasions. The times she won were at Pune, and in the National Grass Court Championships in 1978 when Niru conceded the match due to exhaustion after the rivals had shared two sets.

But Amreeta, for all her confidence against any other player, is a bundle of nerves against Niru. She methodically demolishes any other player, but bring on Niru, and the negative points start piling up. Niru's steady game with its deep ground strokes and never-say-die chasing of the ball does not suit Amreeta, who is basically a hard-hitting stroke-player, keen on cutting rallies short.

Last year, her father, an I.A.S. officer, took the family to England, where Amreeta had the opportunity of playing in a number of counties. She had the distinction of beating one of Australia's hottest youngsters, Helen Rice, in the Under-21 event at Beckenham, a tournament in which American Jimmy Connors also played. "He's simply fantastic!" says Amreeta, with hero-worship shining in her eyes.

She would love to go to Harry Hopman's School in Florida for a session of coaching if she is given the chance. If some large-hearted sponsor with the interests of Indian tennis at heart would come forward I would have no hesitation in recommending Amreeta's name as the future queen of Indian tennis. The ease with which she has been handling all other women and girl players in India bears mute testimony to her calibre.

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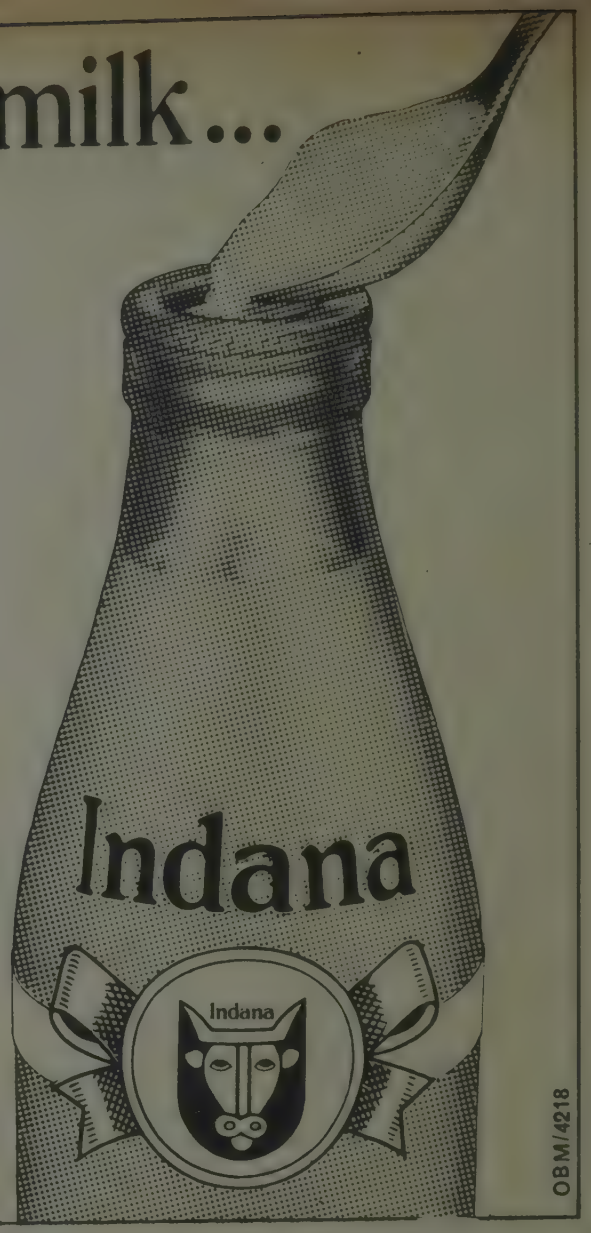

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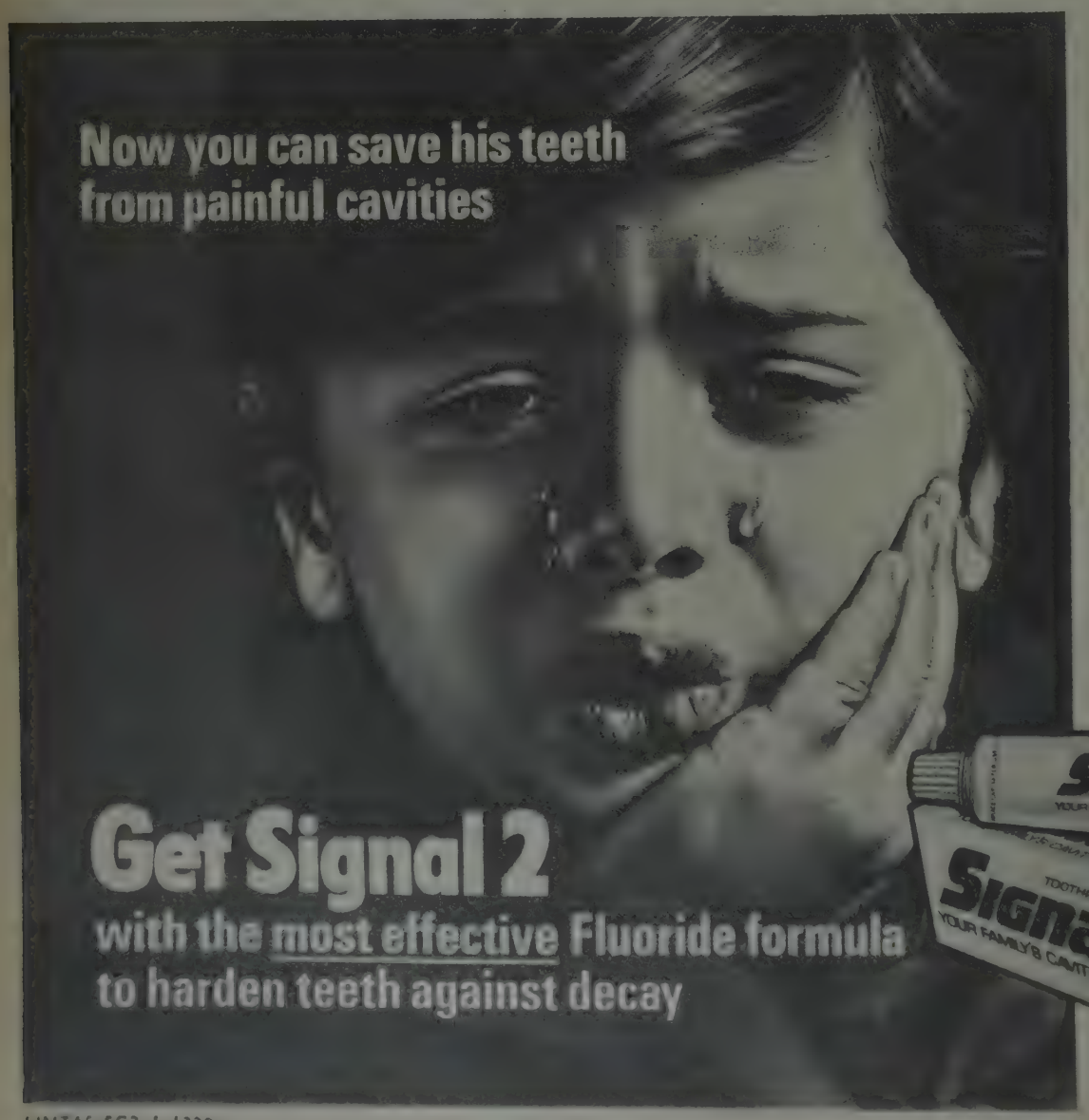
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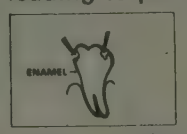

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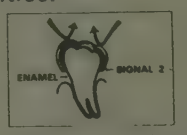

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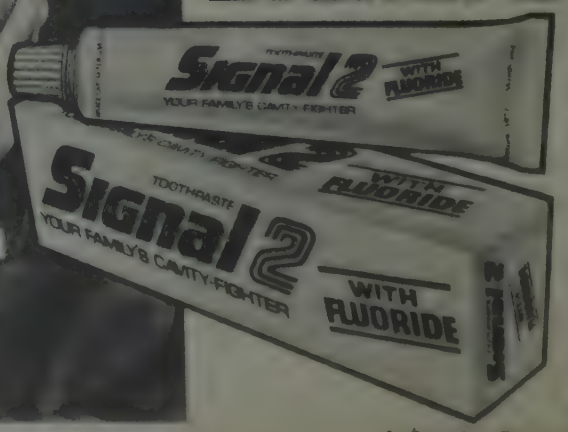

your family's cavity — fighter

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WOMEN IN SPORT

The standard of squash among the women, one must concede, is rather poor in this country. **Bhuvaneshwari Kumari** retained her stranglehold on the national title for the third successive year, beating her cousin **Nandini Kumari** in the final. The scores, 9-0, 9-2, 9-2, tell their own tale. In the semi-finals, Bhuvaneshwari did not concede even a single game, as she beat **Deepika Chandratreya. Honey Sherman,** another cousin of the former, was the fourth-semi-finalist, and had the consolation of taking a game off Nandini. Apart from these three cousins from Rajasthan, there is really no one on the Indian squash horizon. Even Bhuvaneshwari would not stand too much of a chance in the international arena.

* * *

It was nice to find the annual Open Sea Swim from Sunk Rock to the Gateway of India revived in Bombay after a lapse of seven years. The Swim was first started a year before independence.

It was nice to know that as many as nine women participated in the event, with Bombay mermaid **Mridula Shastri** reaching the Gateway first among the women, and well ahead of a lot of the men!

* * *

Rohini Khadilkar won the Fifth National Women's Chess Championship in Madras on March 8 for the third time running!

The 15-year-old Bombay schoolgirl drew with Tamil Nadu champ Radha Srinivasan in the ninth and last round, to log eight points. Rohini offered a draw after 10 moves within minutes of commencement of the last round.

INTERNATIONAL SPORTSWOMAN OF THE MONTH

A tough choice, but my vote goes to 25-year-old **Kristina Ladny** of Perth, Western Australia. In a hitherto exclusively male field, Kristina broke two world records and one Australian national record recently. The sport is power weight-lifting! Kristina, who has been pursuing the game for the last two years, managed 142 kg. for the deadlift, 106 kg. for the squat and 56 kg. for the benchpress. "I'm in it because I enjoy it!" says Kristina.

FRANKLY SPEAKING

Devi

SANJEEV—another heart-attack

When he came down the steep, uneven, treacherous steps leading to the wedding of one Kranti Shah to Rekha Shah, I knew **Sanjeev** was thinking of the climb back. In fact, we all had that on our minds. I have never seen steps like these anywhere and I do not know why folks marry and cause such inconvenience to their guests.

Usually I avoid social workers. Most of them are ambitious political aspirants, wearing the garb of social service. But the only way to get rid of this Kranti of Yuvak Biradari was to attend the wedding. In any case, he is not a star so there is no danger of a second wedding, third etc. Asha Parekh is the President of this association, littered with all ex-ministers. There were those funny speeches, with Mr. Madhukar Chowdhury trying his hand at humour.

To cut a long story short, Sanjeev was tensed up. The poor guy had driven from Nasik, thinking he would have to walk a few steps from nis car to the newly-weds and go home. For a hero it is worse. He fights the villians single-handed; and then to pant up the steps is terrible!

The tension brought about Sanjeev's second heart-attack. The doctor was summoned but otherwise folks did not want to risk the steps back and forth to give him medical aid. He was chaired up half way, to finally cut through the narrow vegetable garden path to the neighbour's bungalow. (The wedding was in the aging bungalow of Mr. Rupawate, a Congress leader.) Sanjeev is still not in a very happy condition at Breach Candy hospital. I blame no one but the Yuvak Biradari folks for choosing such uncomfortable spots for marriages.

Worse was folks who had lazed through the day made comments like "These stars! He must have boozed and come." To think that Sanjeev had put in twenty-four hours of work and driven back a hundred miles to grace the occasion.

* * *

And **Raj Kapoor** is emptying his charm packet on the only woman still attached to him—his wife **Krishna.** To make up for lost time, which he spent jetting his leading ladies around the world. For Krishna he has chosen a sail in luxury liner 'Queen Elizabeth'. Hope he is successful, because Krishna is more difficult to please than his gushy best-seller women.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

BOMBAY

Mother Teresa inaugurated the Britannia Community Services Coach at the St. Anthony's Home. After the formal inauguration, the Coach took some of the children of St. Anthony's Home on a special outing. This simple ceremony was organised mainly to publicise the event for other interested organisations with the resources to initiate similar programmes.

The Britannia Community Services Coach is a spacious 46-seater, fully equipped with a service canteen, radio-cum-casette system, games and recreational equipment. It has been specially built to take the handicapped and underprivileged members of our society, who live in institutions, on Sunday outings to places of interest in and around Bombay. This service falls in with Britannia's 'WE CARE' programme.

* * *

At a Rotaract Rally organised by the Rotary Club of Bombay and the four Rotaract Clubs, over 1500 eye, ear, nose, throat, and teeth check-ups were carried out free of charge. Several persons also donated their blood at the Blood Donation Drive.

The Rally was sponsored by Johnson & Johnson Limited.

The Medical Service Committee of the Club also organised a multi-diagnostic and eye camp at Panchgani. Fifteen eminent specialists and doctors participated.

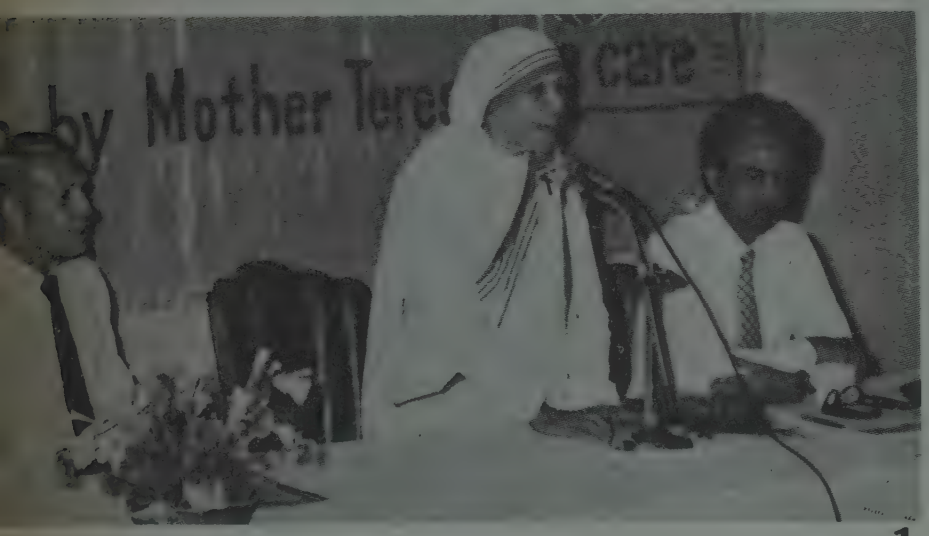
Nearly 4000 patients were examined. General complaints noticed were malnutrition and vitamin deficiency. Many of the patients examined were treated for worms. The socio-economic status was the main cause, and the lack of a free hospital nearby also added to their misery.

DELHI

An all-India Committee has been formed with Mr. Jagjivan Ram as president, Mr. Jayaprakash Narayan as patron and Mrs. L. Raguramaiah as general secretary, to launch the Sarojini Naidu centenary celebrations. These will include a seminar at the Osmania University and a Kavi Sammellan at Agra. Announcing these plans at a press conference organised by the All-India Women's Conference, the President Mrs. Raguramaiah also expressed the need for public squads for women who travel in Delhi buses. Another important subject discussed was the proposal to club the incomes of husband and wife.

CALCUTTA

The well-known Jhaveri sisters and the artistes of Manipuri Nartalaya presented a variety of dances to felicitate their guru Bipin Singh on his 60th birthday. Dr. Pratul Gupta, Vice-Chancellor of Rabindra Bharati University presided and Mr. Mohan Khokkar spoke of the glory brought to Manipuri dance by Bipin Singh.



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1. Mother Teresa inaugurated the Britannia Community Services Coach at St. Anthony's Home, Bombay. At left is Mr. K. Julian Scott, Chairman, the Britannia Biscuit Co. Ltd., and at right, Mr. N. C. Chaudhuri, MD of the company.

2. At a get-together held by the Punjab Association are, from left, Mr. Sehgal, pres., Mr. Kulwant Singh Kohli, gen. sec., Mrs. R. K. Batra, Mr. Rajan Bahri, Chairman of the Publicity & Public Relations Committee, Mr. R. K. Batra, Bombay's Sheriff, Mrs. Dharmendra Singh, Mrs. Rajan Bahri and Mrs. Shivrajvati Arya.

3. Mrs. Jothi Venkatachellum, Governor of Kerala, inaugurates the "Jeevan Jyothi", a vocational-cum-production centre run by the Lioness Club of Madras Cosmopolitan. To her right is the president, Mrs. Saraswathi Kurien.

4. At a cultural evening organised by the Railway Women's Organisation, Lucknow, Mrs. Swarna Mohanty, president, presents a gift to a representative of the Sister Antonia Missionaries of Charity.

4

The dances which followed revealed the creativity of Bipin Singh. Most enjoyable was the presentation of 'Geeta Govinda', the famous ballet.

MADRAS

Jeevan Jyothi, a vocational training-cum-production centre was formally inaugurated by Mrs. Jothi Venkatachellum, Governor of Kerala. Started by the Lioness Club of Madras Cosmopolitan as one of their service projects in collaboration with the Madras Metropolitan Development Authority, it aims at training needy girls to make export items in leather, embroidery, stationery, and other goods. In his keynote address Mr. K. Manoharan, Tamil Nadu Finance Minister, exhorted service organisations to help the destitute and needy slum dwellers improve their economic conditions. He assured them of the Government's support.

BANGALORE

The Karnataka State Home Science Association celebrated IYC in a big way by organising **Today,** an exhibition-cum-fun fair for children at the VHD Institute of Home Science in Bangalore. Karnataka's Governor Mr. Govind Narain who inaugurated the exhibition praised the role of Home Science Associations in making people aware of the values of nutrition and health and promoting the need for better care of children.

Dr. P. Selvie Das, Director of Collegiate Education, who presided, stressed the need for introducing home science at the high school level. Mrs. Phyllis Das, president of the Association, explained the work done by it and thanked Mrs. Parvatamma, Principal of the Institute of Home Science and Mrs. Padmasini Asuri, president of the Home Science Association of India for their cooperation and participation in Home Science projects.

LUCKNOW

Mrs. Deepa Bhargava, a housewife with a flair for batik and for fashioning patchwork wall hangings out of cut pieces held her first solo show at Hotel Clarks' Avadh Art Gallery. Her handiwork drew appreciation from all quarters. The motifs were drawn mainly from mythological sources and hence widely recognised. The exhibition was inaugurated by Mr. Saran, Commissioner.

KERALA

An exhibition of paintings and drawings by Mrs. Jaya Subramanian of Kottayam, a postgraduate in Fine Arts from the Stella Maria College, Madras was declared open by Dr. Madhavankutty, Principal of the Trivandrum Medical College, at Gorky Bhavanam. Dr. Madhavankutty paid rich tributes to the artiste, whose paintings he said were modern in execution but retained the basic concepts of the traditional.

This was her third one-man show in Trivandrum. Mrs. Subramanian is a recipient of the Kuppuswami Naidu Gold Medal for Fine Arts from the University of Madras.

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6

5. At a dinner hosted in Hyderabad by the A. P. Tourism Department for French tourists are from left Mr. Dilsukhram, Secretary, Tourism Department, Mr. Dominique Lapierre, Mrs. Bilkiz Alladin, Mr. Iqbal Alladin, and Mrs. Basant Mitroo, wife of TCI'S manager in Rome.

6. At a seminar held by the Bangalore Management Assn. (BMA) on "Women Executives" are seen, from left Mr. G. Ramanand, sec. BMA, Mrs. Kaveri Nadamangalam, convenor, Mrs. Chandra Govind Narain, wife of the Governor of Karnataka, Dr. Selvie Das, Director of Collegiate Education and Mrs. M.S.S. Varadan, president, BMA.

7. The Indonesian Consul, Mr. S. Arsad, held a reception in Bombay for Indonesia's Ambassador in India, Vice-Admiral Syamsul Bahri and Mrs. Bahri. Seen from left are, Mrs. Arsad, Mrs. Suehiro, wife of Japan's Consul, Mrs. Wasantpruek, wife of Thailand's Con-gen., Mrs. and Vice-Admiral Bahri, Mrs. Courtney, wife of the US Con-gen., Mrs. Horino, wife of Japan's Con-gen. and Mrs. Emina, wife of Italy's con-gen.

7

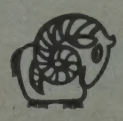
THIS WEEK FOR YOU

FOR THE WEEK MAR. 25 — 31, 1979

John Naylor

IF YOUR BIRTHDAY'S THIS WEEK:

Perhaps not by your next birthday, but by the one after, you will be set on an entirely new course. However, the coming year will bring a change of outlook, and you will begin to think along deeper lines, considering farther ahead. 1979/80 stars are rather lucky ones and some excellent opportunities should arise for you. A very sociable year, with many romantic opportunities for the single. There shouldn't be much to ruffle the surface of your activities — it is what is building up in the background that will be important. You cannot expect to continue along your present path for very much longer. Fresh circumstances will begin to build up and could involve the older people in your circle. But give full play to an adventurous mood this year, and cultivate the more influential people you meet socially.

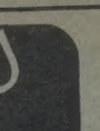


ARIES
(Mar 22 — Apr 20)

The New Moon is in your sign this week suggesting that a new cycle is beginning in your affairs. A splendid time to start something new, to clear away any hampering conditions. There will be good opportunities to progress in the weeks to come.

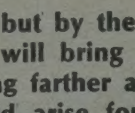
TAURUS
(Apr 21 — May 21)

You might be involved in fresh business activities soon, in changes at home or career-wise. Make up your mind that you won't neglect life's lighter side, however pressed your are. Anything you begin this week should go well for you.



GEMINI
(May 22 — June 21)

Travel and changes, lots of movement, say your stars. The atmosphere should suit your gregarious temperament and could also bring chance to make profit. Give thought to travel plans. Fix up some trips to people you've been out of touch with lately.



CANCER
(June 22 — July 23)

You will need to be quick off the mark this week — or something good could slip from your grasp. An opportunity phase and your intuition will guide you if you are confronted by more than one attractive prosposition. Luck is with you at present. If single, travel brings promising meetings.

LEO
(July 24 — Aug 23)

As this week ends, so should minor frustrations and disagreements in relationships. Folk have been hard to please lately; possibly you have not had what was due to you, either financially or emotionally. You are again set on a prosperous path.

VIRGO
(Aug 24 — Sept 23)

All the extra effort, the hard work and responsibility you have at present will bring its reward a little later on. A need to be patient until late April, however, and to curb your spending. Continue to handle people with tact.

LIBRA
(Sept 24 — Oct 23)

A minor problem will sort itself out — or seem to. However, it could be back with you again in a few weeks' time, so avoid long-term commitments. It is important not to be impulsive over the next several weeks.

SCORPIO
(Oct 24 — Nov 22)

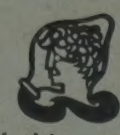
Happy little surprises will be part of your scene this week, so be prepared to adapt and improvise. Your intuition, always effective, is especially so just now, so take heed of your feelings. An ardent week for love.

SAGITTARIUS
(Nov 23 — Dec 22)

Your stars give the impression that life is rather carefree as well as lucky at present. However, should you have a little problem or need advice in a sphere unfamiliar to you, try a senior relative or working colleague, before consulting an expert. A happy new trend in love and social life.

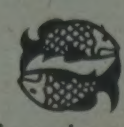
CAPRICORN
(Dec 23 — Jan 20)

The only thing than can obstruct you now is your own lack of confidence. Give yourself a talking to, build up your ego! Whatever difficulties you had to contend with in the recent past are now over. You are in a promising period for both practical and personal matters now.



AQUARIUS
(Jan 21 — Feb 19)

Your mood will be restless but if this gets you moving in new directions, then it will be beneficial. A week when it will be unwise to hold things too much to yourself. Talk around about your hopes and plans — but not your secrets, of course!



PISCES
(Feb 20 — Mar 21)

Life should have been exciting lately and you probably began a new romance. Everything continues to swing for you and a new influence this week, taking you well into April. will increase your charm as well as bring some unexpected strokes of luck, some fresh opportunities.

Eve's Weekly - 21

Quiz Contest -

HEGMAN

1. Which country switched over to the presidential form of government in February 1978?
2. Who is the present National Men's Squash Rackets Champion?
3. Which famous Hollywood film won the maximum number of Oscars for 1977?
4. Which Indian state was the first to have a Communist government?
5. Which alphabet consists of dots and dashes? Who invented it?
6. On February 13 this year we celebrated the birth centenary of a great Indian woman. Name her.
7. Which famous French woman was burnt at the stake as a witch by the English?
8. How many deciduous teeth or 'first teeth' does a human have?
9. "Diplomacy in peace and war" is a current favourite with our politicians. Name the author.
10. In which month do the two equinoxes fall?
11. Where was the recent Commonwealth Industries Ministers' Conference held?
12. Geneva, Switzerland, is the headquarters of what special agency of the U.N.?

This is the twenty-first of our fortnightly Quiz Contest series. Eve's Weekly offers a cash prize of Rs. 50.00 to the winner — i.e., the person whose all-correct solution is picked up first from among those received on or before the deadline. The deadline for Quiz Contest 21 is March 31, 1979.

There is no entry fee. Please mark 'Quiz Contest 21' on the outside of your envelopes.

The answers to Quiz 20 will appear in our issue of April 7. The answers to Quiz 21 will appear in our issue of April 21.

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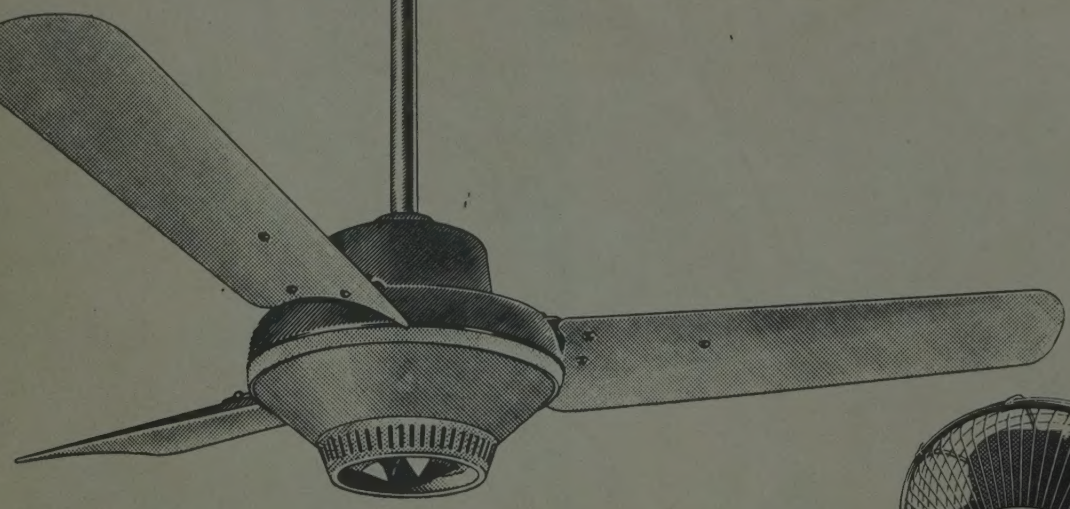

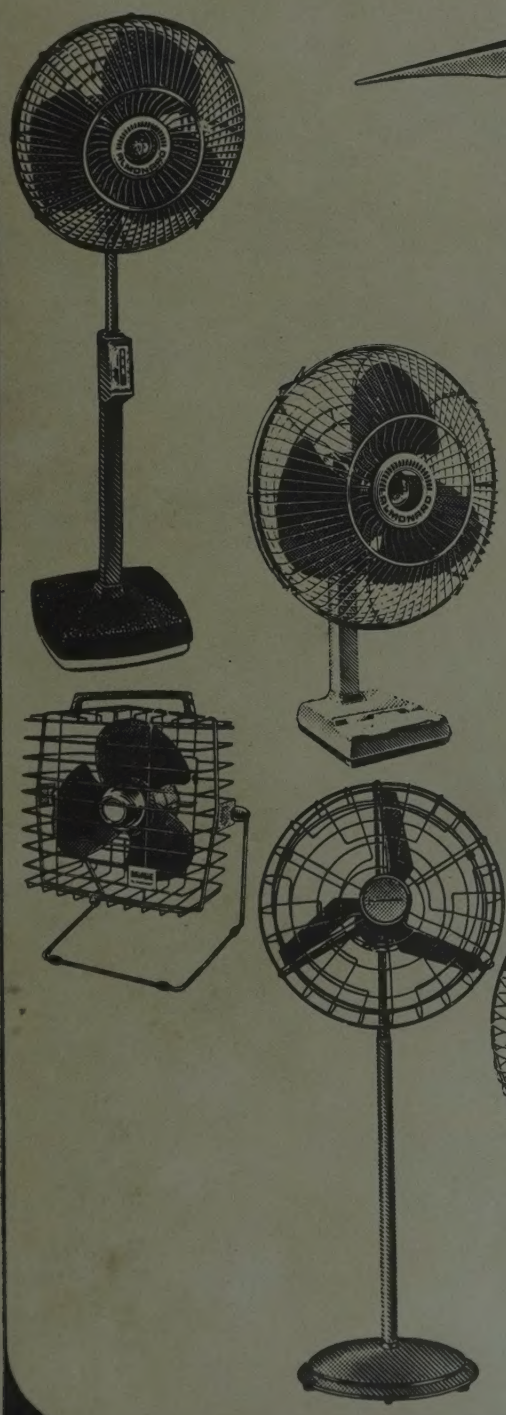

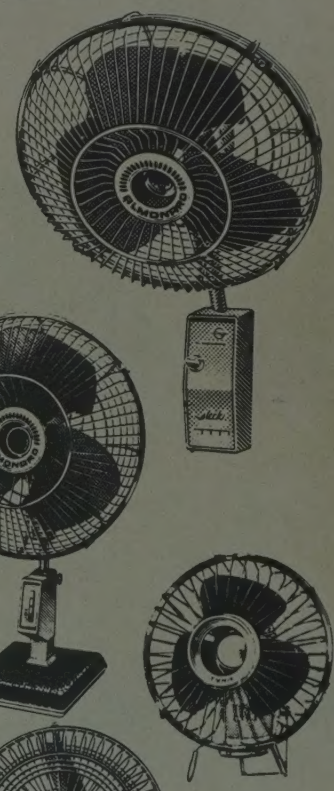

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